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THE SLEEPER.

I.

The fire is in a steadfast glow,
The curtains drawn against the night;
Upon the red couch soft and low,
Between the fire and lamp alight,
She rests half-sitting, half-reclining,
Encompassed by the cosy shining,
Her ruby dress with lace trimmed white.

II.

Her left hand shades her drooping eyes
Against the fervor of the fire,
The right upon her cincture lies
In languid grace beyond desire,
A lily fallen among roses;
So placidly her form reposes,
It scarcely seemeth to respire.

III.

She is not surely all awake,
As yet she is not all asleep;
The eyes with lids half open take
A startled deprecating peep
Of quivering drowsiness, then slowly
The lids sink back, before she wholly
Resigns herself to slumber deep.

IV.

The side-neck gleams so pure beneath
The underfringe of gossamer,
The tendrils of whose faery wreath
The softest sigh suppressed would stir.
The little pink-shell ear-rim flushes
With her young blood's translucent blushes,
Nestling in tresses warm as fur.

V.

The contour of her cheek and chin
Is curved in one delicious line,
Pure as a vase of porcelain thin
Through which a tender light may shine;
Her brow and blue-veined temple gleaming
Beneath the dusk of hair back-streaming
Are as a virgin's marble shrine.

VI.

The ear is burning crimson fire,
The flush is brightening on the face,
The lips are parted to expire,
The hair grows restless in its place
As if itself new tangles wreathing,
The bosom with her deeper breathing
Swells and subsides with ravishing grace.

VII.

The hand slides softly to caress,
Unconscious, that fine pencilled curve
"Her lip's contour and downiness,"
Unbending with a sweet reserve;
A tender darkness that abashes
Steals out beneath the long dark lashes,
Whose sightless eyes make eyesight swerve.

VIII.

The hand on chin and throat downslips,
Then softly, softly on her breast;
A dream comes fluttering o'er the lips,
And stirs the eyelids in their rest,
And makes their undershadows quiver,
And like a ripple on a river
Glides through her breathing manifest.

IX.

I feel an awe to read this dream,
So clearly written in her smile;
A pleasant not a passionate theme,
A little love, a little guile;
I fear lest she should speak, revealing
The secret of some maiden feeling,
I have no right to hear the while.

X.

The dream has passed without a word
Of all that hovered finely traced;
The hand has slept down, gently stirred
To join the other at her waist;
Her breath from that light agitation
Has settled to its slow pulsation;
She is by deep sleep re-embraced.

XI.

Deep sleep, so holy in its calm,
So helpless, yet so awful too;
Whose silence sheds as sweet a balm
As ever sweetest voice could do;
Whose tranced eyes, unseen, unseeing,
Shadowed by pure love, thrill our being
With tender yearnings through and through.

XII.

Sweet sleep; no hope, no fear, no strife;
The solemn sanctity of death,
With all the loveliest bloom of life;
Eternal peace in mortal breath:
Pure sleep, from which she will awaken
Refreshed as one who hath partaken
New strength, new hope, new love, new faith.
January, 1882. JAMES THOMSON.
Cornhill Magazine.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: grief should
be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to com-
mend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts last-
ing to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ITALY AS IT IS.

ANY one who writes an account of a visit to Italy generally begins by saying that his going there had been looked forward to during his previous life with great expectation. I may say the same of a visit recently paid to that country. The reasons in my case, however, were widely different from those which generally lead people to go there. While enjoying the country, the cities familiar from history, and the works of art with which they abound, it was the state of agriculture I longed to see; the rich plains from Capua to the sea, where, from the time of Hannibal to the present day, with little cessation, luxuriant crops have been grown; the plains of Lombardy, of more recent fame, but still old in high farming compared with the Lothians; the dreary, fever-stricken Maremma, with the slightly rolling and undulating lands of the Campagna, leading down to the Pontine Marshes, which have been subjects of interest to every one acquainted with the history of agriculture both in past and present times.

That the old Romans were well advanced in the knowledge of the methods of culture which enabled them to grow much produce is apparent from their writings, and their maxims show their practice was intelligent, though occasional references are made to superstitious customs, oftener quaint. Columella, in addressing landlords, advises them to be "more rigorous in exacting good cultivation than rent, as this for the most part brings profit;" and "except in the case of storms, the farmer cannot ask ease of rent;" and further, "The land ought to be weaker than the husbandman." Their systems of manuring, draining, liming, top-dressing, composting, and irrigation showed the progress they had made in a knowledge of the essentials to success in agriculture. Many of the practices at present followed in Italy seem to have been handed down from those remote times with little change, and several even of the implements now in use in the south answer the description of those used by the Romans.

Italy now contains about twenty-eight millions of people, one million or so less than Great Britain. The extent of surface (or area), including the islands, is about one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, or seventy-seven millions of acres. Bounded on the north by the Alps, and divided along the centre by the Apennines, while washed by the sea on its other boundaries, produces considerable variety in the climate, though even far up the mountains, on the sunny side, from the intense heat, vines flourish, and fruit, besides many other plants or shrubs which would not thrive in England. To a visitor from our northern clime this influence of the sun on the lofty mountain range is most remarkable, since where deep snow lies throughout the winter months, grapes are gathered in the autumn. Another very noticeable fact is the great extent of land in the plains upon which wheat is cultivated, and in some districts grain crops, trees, and vines are all to be seen growing in close proximity.

The extent of productive land is estimated at about fifty-seven millions of acres, equalling the whole of Great Britain. Of this, twenty-seven millions are arable, twelve and one-half millions pasture, three millions are meadow land, half a million rice-ground, olive and chestnut plantations cover about one and one-half millions each, and woods and forests are put down at ten and one-half millions. The yield of wheat is over twelve millions of quarters, maize six millions of quarters, barley, oats, rye, rice, and millet about six millions of quarters, lupines and beans about one and one-half millions of quarters, chestnuts two millions, and potatoes four millions of quarters. The wine made affords eighteen to twenty gallons for each of the population; very little is exported save from Sicily, which province contributes nearly a third of the whole make, and is followed at a great distance by Piedmont and Romagna. Silk culture is still very considerable, but has been stagnant for years.

It is shown that nine millions of men and women find employment on the land, and one-seventeenth of the grown popu-

lation, males and females, are small proprietors, who cultivate their own land. There is nearly an equal proportion of *messadri*, or occupiers who cultivate the land they hold for proprietors, retaining half the produce or thereabouts as their share; and in addition there are upwards of three hundred thousand tenant farmers paying rent, a portion of whom are females. Under the head *coloni* there seems a further number of very small holdings, amounting to between three and four hundred thousand; while one-third of the whole agricultural population belongs to the day-laborer class without any land.

Italy, therefore, depends largely on the cultivation of the soil. This is very evident to a visitor from England, accustomed to see the rapid succession of mineral and goods trains on the railways of Great Britain, there being no similar stir on the Italian lines. About Turin there is a little bustle; one hears the sound of the hammer, and smoke arises from some few factories, but in general there is an entire absence of such signs of mechanical industry from all the towns; and when a visitor ascends the campanile or cathedral towers, the view of the surrounding country is never interrupted from this cause. In the streets of all the chief towns few loaded wagons are to be seen, and the horses which draw such as are met are light of build, while the most conspicuous are long, narrow carts (laden with hay or other fodder), set on a couple of wheels of considerable height, and of the same form, but of much less substantial construction, than those of France.

The traffic of the streets of Glasgow, or even of Edinburgh, would soon grind down the best-formed roadways in the Italian towns, and the little that can be said of their cleanness would be changed to complaint of mud in wet and dust in dry weather, were such heavy loads as ours to pass along them.

The fuel of the country being wood, coal traffic scarcely exists, and the consequent back cartage of ash, so overpowering to the municipal authorities of our northern towns, is unnecessary. The

water supply of towns such as Turin is defective, and though as of old Rome has great displays in her fountains, it is by no means universally diffused. Much manual matter is retained for field or garden use. In Genoa, one of the most cleanly-kept cities, refuse is carried from the streets outwards on the backs of ponies and mules, and women do much of the scavenger work. In general all town refuse is most cared for where the best farming prevails in the adjoining country.

SOIL.

THE soils of Italy are of the most varied character. For all the purposes of cultivation I have seen no finer in any country than those found around Capua and the plain of the Volturno onward to Naples and the sea. They are deep, friable, and of a dull color, changing into richer brown all the more striking from the bald, bare, stony-looking hills which form their boundary inwards. Much of the soil of other districts rests on stiff, tenacious clay, the remains of what I am inclined to believe is the débris produced by the ice-sheet, which, originating in the mountains and extending to the sea, left the spoils of the high land on the flats.

The subsoil is in many cases akin to the boulder clays of England and Scotland, at least so far as the dissimilar rocks from which it was formed could produce it; and it is impervious to moisture. Much of it has a covering of stiff soil of good depth, which is still kept in those narrow ridges formed by a couple of turns of the plough or more, as directed by Palladius. These are perhaps not over two feet wide where the soil is wettest, but three, four, or five feet where it is drier, with deep furrows between them for drainage.

On the subsoils corresponding to the upper drift of Scotland the soils are more friable, are naturally dry, and carry more luxuriant crops; while on the traps, or volcanic rocks, their constant decay leaves, as in Scotland, a soil fit for carrying all kinds of crops.

The river flats on the plains of Lombardy and the banks of the Arno and Volturno consist of alluvial deposits from

their waters, rich in the elements of vegetable growth. The soils along the Tiber are chiefly of the dull yellowish-grey color which characterizes so much of the country through which it flows, and give their color to its waters. The lower mountains are thinly covered with soil, of which the best use is made by terracing in suitable situations, while the valleys among the hills have large accumulations of moranic matter which the streams are working away, and this is the chief cause of the dull, muddy appearance of the waters they contain.

The agricultural districts of Italy may be divided into the plains or river flats, the downs, and the mountains. First, the plains, or river flats, have a large extent of excellent farming land fit for all crops; in no country can that of Lombardy be surpassed, or the Volturno, primitive though it be. While much of the lower district of the Po and Venetia are poor enough, as in most of the countries of Europe, the plains, or river flats, as they provide the most accessible soils of the greatest depth and endurance, are the best cultivated; these portions, however, are often limited in extent, though considerable here. The whole of the flat country from Alessandria by Milan to Brescia, and by Lodi, Pavia, Novaro, and Vercelli, is well farmed, though all is not irrigated. Of many places in this district it may be said, when you take your stand on some lofty campanile or cathedral tower that —

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy.

To a northern agriculturist accustomed to green, but green of a dingy sort, the bright, clear green of the grass or corn-fields in spring is something to be remembered in this part of Italy, and when the cause which has produced this appearance is looked into, art is seen to triumph over nature. For more than six hundred years has the great canal of the Ticino carried eighteen hundred feet per second of water from that river to fertilize by thousands of channels the soil of the country between the river near its source in Lake Maggiore and the city of Milan, while

other rivers have been tapped by numerous canals. So that there are nearly one and three-quarters of a million of acres watered in the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont by five thousand miles of canals, besides smaller channels, which spread out the supply of water to the farms where wanted. There are several thousand acres under water, — meadows, — where the flow is constant. These afford two or three cuttings of grass during winter, besides three in spring and summer. The large portion of the irrigated grass-land is not cut until April, richly manured portions affording a supply about the first week of March, and then two or three others afterwards. A portion of the land is grazed for the two months of the autumn; sheep-land seems not again irrigated until early spring. The grass from the winter meadows is used for the food of dairy cows in milk, and the cuttings from the permanent summer meadows, after supplying the immediate wants of the dairy and other live stock, are made into hay for winter food. The crops grown in the lower plains are rice on the marshy flats, generally all hand-cultivated; green crops of different sorts; potatoes forming a moderate portion, maize, wheat, much the largest, followed by flax, with a small acreage of millet. In the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy many farms of from six hundred to twelve hundred acres are passed; on these a more definite rotation of crops is met with than elsewhere.

The tall red-brick steam-engine stalk of the Lothian and the border counties is wanting, while the farm buildings are lofty, in the form of a square, or say sixty yards by fifty yards, or of greater proportions, all built round, with large haystacks within and accumulations of straw outside. Stately oxen, tall and well-proportioned as many horses, are the chief animals of draught, and are seen there in perfection. Manure, liquid and solid, is properly valued, a full stock of cattle being kept. Compost heaps are everywhere attended to. Where the soil is deep, portions are made into dressings with various sorts of material. These, after due time to make, are spread over

the fields and bush-harrowed into the grass-land. Silt from the watercourses, where of value, is also used, and every vegetable or animal substance procurable is brought to account for manure. Guano has been, and is still, in use, as well as phosphates. All the processes of husbandry are carried out in a thorough way. It is strange to see so many trees surround the fields. The poplars are cut straight up and regularly branched. Mulberries, elms, and maples abound, while cherry and other fruit trees are not wanting. At certain yearly intervals these are lopped and dressed for firewood and fencing, while vines also form an important branch of culture in different localities. Milk, cheese, grain, and wine are the chief articles of produce, with some flax and hemp, besides medick, clover, turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. Of course, silk culture is carried out where the mulberry-trees abound. The greatest watchfulness is exercised over the water supply, the canals and minor channels being closely looked at under the supervision of a class of engineers trained from their boyhood, and who add to their acquirements a thorough knowledge of practical agriculture as carried on in the district, and act as valuers in connection with the entry and the removal of tenants. These engineers have a thorough training in all questions of hydraulic art, and a knowledge of the system of irrigation and the rights of property.

The part they play in the irrigated districts is most important. They not only design and superintend the construction of all works in connection therewith, but also arrange the whole details of leases, as those are for a term of years, and usually at a fixed rent in money and certain quantities of produce. On the entrance of a tenant to a farm the proprietor appoints an engineer to make out a list of its fixtures and stock, and to report on the state of every field, its size, cultivation, and condition. Plantations are noted and trees numbered, and everything of a permanent nature stated, and the whole valued according to a scale of prices. The tenant has the right to associate an engineer of his own choice with the one appointed by the proprietor. When the lease expires, the same work is gone over again, and should ameliorations have been made by the tenant he is credited with these at their value; and, on the other hand, should deteriorations have taken place he is debited with them, and he either receives from his landlord, or

has to pay him, the sums brought out in the revaluation. This is a simple and efficient way of solving the question of tenants' improvements, so much discussed at present throughout this country.

From what I could learn of the estimation in which this method is held, both the landlord and tenant seemed satisfied. When the tenant invests capital in the farm and improves the property he is sure of receiving the fair value for it when he leaves, and the landlord of paying no more than the actual value of the improvement made. In this country there are no such educated professional valuers as are found in Milan or Lombardy. This would operate against the success of the introduction of the system at present. The tenantry have no great confidence in land valuers, who are paid by the landlords. The establishment of a school for the training of agricultural surveyors on the lines of that of Piedmont seems the first step, and the next, that landlords consent to allow such valuation to be made, and the tenant to appoint a valuer along with his.

While the valuations made by parties employed to ascertain the rental of land are being continually challenged in this country, I heard comparatively little of this from those I conversed with who knew the work of the Italian valuers; and what succeeds in Piedmont and Lombardy is surely worth considering here, seeing that it has long been in practice among farms of different sizes—from not very small to very large—over the wide lower plains of those provinces. Tenants are entitled to assign their leases in the absence of provisions in the lease to the contrary; the consent of the landlord is not required to such assignments; the principal tenant remains bound to the landlord. In the case of loss of crop, or half loss, the tenant is entitled to claim a reduction of rent, which is allowed unless compensated for in previous years' excess. The tenant for a single year is also so entitled to claim for the whole or half loss of year's crop. This, or something like it, was understood to be the law of Scotland, although not acted on of late. The landlord has also a right over the tenant's stock and crop for rent due and to become due.

In the flat, alluvial land by Capua, Caserta Averso, and the banks of the Volturno on to Naples the cultivation is by the hand, few animals being employed in ploughing. The oxen may draw on the manure, which is often laid out in drills

two feet or more wide, and at the rate of ten to sixteen tons per acre or so. It is spread in the rows and dug in with a spade, which has a long handle, and a spur on the lower part for the foot to press it into the soil. Bands of men are seen at work in spring digging in the manure and *sovericio*, the latter a mixture of green lupines and beans, raised in autumn and kept growing during winter for green manuring. This second crop in the year keeps the land in heart. There are no fences here.

Most luxuriant crops of wheat, beans, maize, are raised. By the first week in March the winter-sown beans are in bloom, the wheat is also far advanced, and the sowing of the spring crops mostly completed, and the land left with a most beautiful garden finish on the surface. There are seven or eight crops had in five years. The fields are of various sizes, often not much more than half an acre in extent, and surrounded with trees when near the towns. In other situations they are much larger.

The rotation is *sovericio*, followed by cotton, *sovericio*, or grasses, then hemp or Indian corn, madder, *sovericio*, cotton; or in some places Indian corn, wheat, hemp, and wheat. In such lands, counting the crops as passed, there is always a greater number of fields under wheat than of all the other crops put together. Thus the proportions of rye, barley, oats, beans, or other cereals are together less than wheat. A good many potatoes are raised, and great attention is paid to their culture, though the varieties did not seem the most desirable.

In the garden farms hand-watering with liquid manure is resorted to, tanks being kept in the fields, from which a supply is to be had. It is apparently a portion of this district that Pliny writes of, and which he calls "*Laboriæ*," and describes as "bounded on two sides by consular ways, the one leading from Puteoli, and the other from Cannæ to Capuæ, which is never allowed to rest, producing a valuable crop every year, and where the straw of the crop is so strong that it is used in place of wood." The trees which bound the fields carry the vines, which root and feed on the cultivated land.

There are few surface drains, and the soil—in the main alluvial—has been added to by volcanic ash and the application of all the manure which much vegetable wealth and careful preservation supplies.

The shade of the trees would in most

northern countries injure the quality of the grain grown. Here it has not that effect; there is ample light, and the wheat—grown among them—is capable of making excellent flour, though its produce may be reduced.

Oranges are abundant, and all the productions of a climate without frost and with a powerful sun and cloudless sky succeed. The abundance of cheap manual labor, a fertile soil, and a genial climate are here united.

The land is not without weeds. The twitch, when the land is dug, is carefully thrown out on the surface, collected, washed, and made up into bundles of a couple of handfuls, and sold at the markets and at shop-doors for horse-feeding. In Naples during spring the cab-horses are partially fed on this. The cabmen call it *gramenia*. In spring, too, all vegetable products are in great demand, and the leaves of autumn-grown turnips serve the cattle, the best being used for human food. In those deep, friable soils around Naples, and in the garden enclosures close to that city, the luxuriance of the turnip-leaves from autumn-sown plants is prodigious, the warmth of the winter being great, and sufficient moisture, which is often scarce in summer, being then abundant. There are many old olive-trees, and mulberry, loquat, figs, and more southern fruit-trees abound.

The large population have the advantage of living in a climate where winter is like the summer of many parts of Scotland. The larger portion of the land is held by tenants, although a goodly number of peasant proprietors hold small patches of ground which they cultivate. Tenants rent land from two acres upwards. The very small holdings where garden culture prevails have two men employed per acre, while the largest do not require one-third of that number.

The Downs.—Every one has heard of the unhealthiness of many parts of Italy during summer and autumn; few districts are worse in this respect than the wide plain from Pisa to Terracina. This tract of country lies between the Mediterranean Sea and the Apennines; all the drainage water from those hills passes through it. The Maremma of Tuscany extends from near Pisa to the Roman States, has six considerable rivers, of which the Ombrone is the largest; all of them are more or less sluggish, carrying dull, muddy waters. So much is this the fact that the Ombrone was diverted from its course fifty years ago into the Lake of Castiglion.

one, for the purpose of filling it up with the silt and rougher deposits it fetches down from the upper country. A large extent of the lake has been made dry by this operation of warping; the process is not yet completed. Over the Maremma, the rivers run in shallow beds, and the drainage into them is difficult. Water underlies the soil, and where drainage operations were in progress much water was drawn out of the subsoil, showing that it exists there to the injury of the crops grown and the health of the inhabitants. The Maremma is the least inviting, and it is, indeed, the most dismal district in Italy, forming a portion of the land occupied by the ancient Etruscans, who had much of it under cultivation. It is said to be from the overflow of the streams, the growth of marsh land, and the rough, coarse vegetation and constant neglect, that it has reached its fever-stricken condition. Making all allowances for the effect of neglect, it is scarcely possible to believe that all this country was ever thoroughly cultivated. A large portion is covered with a thin, poor soil resting on stiff, tenacious clay of all colors of yellow, grey, or whitish. Here and there apparently drift-shingle is met with covered by a finer soil, drier and deeper. Much, however, of this large district has an inferior soil on a cold subsoil, unfit for cultivation in its present state. This state seems very like that condition described by Palladius, where he writes of those stiff, lean soils which should be shunned as land that breeds the pestilence. There is land met with here and there, such as is described by Virgil as being a loose and crumbling mould fit for any crop; on such, a goodly field of wheat may be seen, but very little other cultivation.

Large herds of cattle, supplemented by young horses, graze among the creeks in the scrubby woods, while in the open land you see flocks of sheep. Buffaloes of a not very inviting appearance frequent the marshes and less accessible land. These animals are said to have been brought to Tuscany by Lorenzo the Magnificent. Save for such districts they are not of much account. Attempts have been made by opening canals and carrying the waters more directly to the sea to improve the sanitary condition of parts of the country. All such local attempts never can effect what only thorough and complete drainage operations and cultivation can secure, and certainly such attempts are not now being made.

Neither farmhouses nor cottages are

erected, and the people interested in the land appear to reside in the villages or small towns on the high land or rocky eminences on the edge of flat country; rough vegetation is allowed to spread over the district; scrubby timber also abounds, which charcoal-burners utilize in the winter season. It is still, as it has been, subject during summer and autumn to pestilential exhalations, which strike down even the natives, and much more strangers; the wet, rancid soils, the rank vegetation allowed to decay on the surface, and the sun's heat produce the reek from the rotting fens, so destructive to health. Following the example of the monks at Tre Fontane, near Rome, the railway authorities have of late been draining pieces of land around the stations on the line along the flat country, digging pits four feet deep and square, exposing the output to the atmosphere, and planting blue-gum trees. These trees spring up with great rapidity in a few years; those first planted are thriving and healthy, and in the deep, rich soil at Grossetta, the chief city of the Maremma, about four acres of land were being planted last spring around the station. In soil as shown in the pits, they will have very favorable conditions for growth; and if, as is expected, they extract from the air the miasma as it rises, in a few years they will be so grown as to test the correctness of the opinion, as every station is to have a surrounding of these eucalyptus or blue gums. The dwellers there will realize their value, and it may be hoped will enjoy better health than they hitherto have done.

I am afraid that at many of the railway stations the extent of land planted is too limited, and that the blue gum alone will not cure the evil. The whole district requires to be looked to; the government alone can secure such improvements as seem likely to overcome the poisoning emanations which from the earliest times have afflicted this part of the country. Draining from the sea upwards of all the stagnant flats during the winter season, when laborers can work with safety, clearing off the rough vegetation and burning and keeping the scrubby timber in check, would prove a sure means of preventing the decay of vegetable matter on the surface of a moist soil under a hot sun. Various of the old Roman writers on agriculture praise the advantages of burning off all surface growths. It is a well-known fact that in many gum-tree districts of Australia, when fresh taken up, much

fever prevailed. After repeated burning of the surface growths, a much healthier state of matters existed. If M. Lesseps can hope successfully to overcome the Chagres fever in making his Panama canal, within nine degrees of the equator, the opening up of the Campagna and Maremma may be more easily accomplished, with more beneficent results than in the big guns that the Italians boast of.

The Roman Campagna is a continuation of the Tuscan Maremma southwards; it is more undulating, with outbursts of trap and deeper watercourses running from the hills to the sea. The Tiber flows in a valley from a few hundred yards to more than a mile in width, and the bed it has cut out varies from fifty to fully a hundred yards broad. The other streams are sunk in the valleys, and all seem to indicate a much larger flow of water at one time than at present. In many of the brooks boulders occur, and such carried blocks are scattered over several districts. The rock covering here consists of material very much resembling the boulder clay with a covering of drift gravel, and the soils vary accordingly.

Outside of Rome the Appian Way passes over outbursts of bluish basalt, which is largely quarried for the streets of the city, as it had been for the old Roman roads. Onwards, Albano is largely composed of traps, the surface of which is decaying. The soils of the Roman Campagna in all the higher districts have little alluvial matter in them, while in general the quality is superior to the Maremma of Tuscany. The cultivation is better, though very antiquated. You see twenty old Roman ploughs each drawn by four oxen, in charge of one man who stands on it. They work in two lines and are attended by a man on horseback in charge. The work done is rough. In other large fields bands of thirty or forty men and youths are at work weeding wheat, which with hay is the principal crop in the Campagna. Sheep are grazed during winter over the hay-grounds, and cattle in herds are supplied with hay and straw out of doors. In summer the sheep are removed to the hills. Should the blue gums succeed in rendering the malaria harmless to the dwellers in the belts around the railway stations in the Maremma, much of the Campagna could be turned into the finest sugar-beet growing land in the world. With the manufactories placed in suitable situations, and surrounded by those trees, and by tramways of simple construction reaching over wide

districts, the produce of the fields could supply roots enough to yield sugar for the whole of Italy, while the manure from Rome and from cattle fed on the refuse of the factories would be sufficient for the land. Barley for exportation could be had to succeed the beet, followed again by grasses for hay, which is in great demand for live stock in and near the city.

Through a cheap system of tramways, the work-people could be quickly conveyed from the highlands to their work during winter and spring; and opening the levels so that waters could not stagnate anywhere, cultivating and exposing the soil to the action of the atmosphere, and allowing nothing in the shape of animal or vegetable matter to decay in the soil or on the surface, but collecting all manure into heaps for fermentation, are among the most likely means of checking this deadly poison from getting into the air.

Occupation for an increasing population may some day, now that there is an Italian kingdom, force on such beneficent work. It ought to be the work of the nation. The Maremma being mostly in the hands of large proprietors and clear of inhabitants, arrangements could more easily be made to effect such a result. The finding of occupation for a poorly employed people, and prospectively adding to the home production of food, should surely induce Italian legislators to spend money on such improvements.

A large population occupies the hill-sides and lower mountains of many districts. In general the soil is thin; and water, scarce at times, is over plentiful at others. By terracing or building up stone facings they check the waste of the soil by the sudden melting of the snow or rushes of the rain-water. Vines, walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, and many fruit-trees are grown, while vegetables provide food for their cattle, on which they depend for manure for their crop.

Many of the mountains have a bare, grey look, and the want of wood seems remarkable. The planting of timber would appear to have been neglected. Those stone pines, of which a few stately examples are seen about Rome and elsewhere, rarely meet the eye of a visitor on the mountain-sides. It is more frequently the juniper, the berries of which form an article of export to this country. At certain elevations the summer pastures prevail, to which so many of the sheep are driven in spring and removed in autumn.

There is a large amount of excellent cultivation by small proprietors in Piedmont and Liguria, where about six hundred thousand of them are to be found — not, however, that they are all exemplary in their practice; many are certainly the reverse. Those of them on the river flats show clean, carefully managed lands. In Lombardy there are many *mezziauoli* in the upper plain, and in the plain of Bologna they abound. The farms are here from twenty to fifty acres; the tenancy, being annual, is generally renewed. Six months' notice to quit from May is given in the event of leaving, and an equal division of the products of the soil between landlords and *mezziauoli* constitutes the usual terms of occupancy, though differences exist. When the crops fail both suffer, and the loss is less to the cultivator than where the rents are fixed. On *messadri* land mulberry-trees and vines are the subject of contract. The landlord supplies half the manure for the use of the farm and half the cattle, and the *mezziauolo* pays income-tax, hearth-tax, and half the cattle-tax. When there are successive bad seasons the *mezziauolo* gets into his landlord's debt, and at Florence and elsewhere I heard landlords complain of this, even for one season, and of the difficulty of improving the management and cultivation of the land by *mezziauoli* tenants. From what I learned, though there have been bad seasons in different districts, there has been no succession of them; 1879 was locally unfavorable, while 1880 was generally good, and the present year 1881 irregularly so.

In the absence of diseases, such as the phylloxera, the vine seems very suitable for the soil and climate of the country, and with the abundance of cheap labor may be largely extended. The demand for grapes from Germany for wine-making was very considerable last year. As yet the Italians have not succeeded in making a wine which has a high character and stands transportation well. Perhaps this easy mode of disposing of their growth of grapes to others who can make wine may pay best. Some cultivators seem to think so, as they are planting on the French system and training to poles, and on such land as is most suitable for large crops.

In Great Britain we find no class of small proprietors of from two to twenty acres farming their own land, and no equally small tenants such as are found in Italy. A class of large farmers exists

in Lombardy and Piedmont, the Tuscan Maremma, and the Roman Campagna, who will compare with the larger tenant farmers of England and Scotland, and between whom and the small landlords and tenants of Italy there is a wide difference. How it comes it is difficult to say, that there should be large farmers in the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont and small proprietors in the valley of the Arno, about Foligno and Perugia (and of whom Mr. Kay, in his "Notes of a Traveller," speaks in such raptures), save that, as Topsy says, "they grewed." Such growth, however, is often dependent on local conditions, and these conditions, with certain acts of legislation, direct industrial occupation.

It is difficult to agree with the reasons those writers give who disparage the class of small landlord cultivators and farmers, or with those of other writers who exalt the same class and run down the large tenant farmers. There is no reason why a country should not be well farmed by numbers of small landlord cultivators if they have been trained to the business. In Italy that class is not tempted to leave it for less laborious and more lucrative employment, as neither trade nor manufactures offer great inducements; while at present, what could small proprietors do in the Maremma country (to which Mr. Kay alludes as in "such a wretched plight," from its being cultivated by large farmers) in its fever-stricken condition? Some of the cultivation as carried on by small landlords in the valley of the Arno and elsewhere is excellent undoubtedly; so also is that of the large cultivators in Piedmont and Lombardy; both are advantageous to the country. In some of the districts where the small cultivation abounds laborers scarcely have a place, and where found are in great wretchedness from want of regular work and fair pay. On the other hand large farms of Lombardy employ many more laborers' time, and they are more continuously occupied. The salable produce from these large farms, taking the amount of labor employed into account, is certainly in excess of that of the small farms. But no large farmers could support themselves and laborers, and turn out from the terraced slopes on the lofty mountain-sides of Italy the same salable produce which the small cultivators supply. Neither could an equal amount of human labor be employed in any other way on such land. It is the beneficent power of the summer sun which enables this to be done.

It is the want of such genial influence which renders the Scottish mountainsides less fit for occupation by such small tenants, and to utilize which, for either sheep or deer, so many glens have been cleared of the cottar occupants who reared black cattle in those glens as their chief source of living, and partly utilized the hills for their summer grazing. These cottar tenants were, no doubt, like many of the messadri tenants of Italy, slovenly, backward, and slow to improve.

It is questionable, now that large portions of the north-west highlands of Scotland have been cleared of that class of occupants, whether the landlords in reality draw more rent from the land than would have been got from those cottar tenants, the dwellers in hundreds of glens, had measures been taken to improve their position by giving each enough of land on which to live. The stocking of the cleared country with sheep, the large outlay of capital in such stock, and the heavy death-rate, together with the inability of the land to winter the number required for summer grass, all diminish the actual rent obtainable from such hill country.

In Italy the existence of many small proprietors in the hills as well as the small occupants, and the essential difference in the character of the people, make clearances impossible. The effects of evictions in Ireland are only too notorious, and had such been attempted on the large scale in Italy the result would have been more serious still, judging from the frequency of revengeful attacks, stabblings, and murders reported. It is only among a loyal, law-abiding people like the Scottish Highlanders that such clearances could be made as have drafted to the seashore, Canada, and the United States the occupants of so many glens.

Apparently it is impossible to change in one generation the habits, customs, and practices, the growth of centuries, and it is also equally impossible always to succeed in a wholesale way in supplanting old systems of occupation with new methods, equally advantageous to the individual and the country. In the highly cultivated counties of the south and east of Scotland there at one time existed many hundreds of cottar tenants. None such are to be found now. As the amount of stocking they owned was small, the operation of the law of hypothec told against them, and the game laws, and the extra cost of buildings requisite on those smaller holdings,

has effectually crushed them all out. Had such been in existence now, they would have provided the means for preserving industrious ploughmen, rising in the world and becoming masters. No such step now exists. To cut up farms and divide into forty or fifty acre allotments is a very difficult and expensive affair. Many landed proprietors are now regretting the absence of such small farms, as it seems in certain districts the rents have been better paid by those tenants who do all the work on the farm by themselves and their families, since the great rise in the rates paid for hired labor on larger farms in Scotland.

In Italy during the making of the railways the price of labor rose; it has fallen again. Neither the small proprietors farming their own land, nor the messadri, nor those tenants who share with the landlords the produce of the land they occupy, employ many hired work-people, and as a consequence much of the agricultural work of Italy is done by the owners and occupiers themselves; the landowners share the loss in bad years and participate in the profit in good years under the mezzzeria system. However much the lot of these small occupants and little landlords may be praised, it is anything but a pleasant one; many of them, though literally living under their own vine and fig-tree, have no outlet for their families, and further subdivision of the land they own is not possible, though the soil and climate of such a country as Italy, still affords enormous opportunities for industrial occupation, were the skill and money at command. It would be a long time before a great increase in the rate paid for labor could take place, by the steady addition made to the population and the small emigration. If the practice so universal in England of employing horse or steam power, instead of manual labor, were introduced, it would still further keep down the rise of the labor rate. Cultivation by steam power, however, will not, for various reasons, soon extend in Italy. For threshing grain it has already been introduced, and it certainly may increase; but for ploughing, the small size of the fields in all the cultivated districts and the high price of fuel stand in the way. In the Maremma and Roman Campagna the steam plough or grubber and reaping machine ought to be serviceable, but they cannot succeed in other districts, while reaping machines, land rollers, and many other machines used in England are

of no use over Italy, as the hand does the work at little cost.

Thus in Italy may be found all the modes of owning and occupying land. We have the large landowner leasing or cultivating his own land, the large farmer of from three hundred to twelve hundred acres or more, in the Campagna, the smaller farmer of from fifty to three hundred acres, and the small *mezziauolo* of two to fifty acres, with a very large proportion of the population owning land from a few acres up to fifty and farming it themselves, while tenants pay rent yearly in money and kind and service.

When a person dies intestate, his or her descendants, males or females, alike inherit his or her capital. The surviving husband or wife has the absolute property of one-third, and no person can dispose by will of more than a moiety of his property if at his death he leaves children.

These laws tend greatly to prevent the accumulation of land and to favor its dispersion, and were it not for the earth-hunger, as it has been called, which exists, tending to add field to field, the land of Italy would be more divided than it even is.

LABORERS.

THE laborers in Italy are poor enough. Their numbers far exceed the demand for them, and being largely dependent on agricultural work they are in much the same condition as the Irish were before the potato famine.

In the south (Naples) and north-east (Venetia) their condition is the worst I saw. Work is irregular and poorly paid; perhaps two hundred to two hundred and fifty days' employment in the year is all they have, at 1s. per day on an average. Wheat bread is as high in price as in this country; indeed higher, taking quality into account. They have not much of it, however; Indian corn forms their chief food, along with chestnuts, flour, vegetables, including a few potatoes. Usually animal food is beyond their reach, and, where they can obtain it, it is pork, cheese, and offal. In other districts wages are rather higher, viz. from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. Food is supplied by some employers for a few weeks in harvest, with a poor sort of wine called workmen's wine. The wives of the laborers, their daughters and sons, are also employed in the fields; their pay is less than half that of the men. Wherever the farms are large, such as in the Campagna, Lombardy, and

Liguria, bands of from twenty to forty are seen hoeing, or weeding, or engaged at other out-of-door work, according to the season. In the small-farm districts a few laborers only are at work together; these are the families of the *mezziauli* and small owners, few laborers being here employed save in harvest. In a country so dependent on agriculture, and where such an extensive subdivision of the land exists, laborers have little chance of rising; their hope of improvement must be very slight, as there is little use for them in the towns, and they neither have the means nor the spirit to emigrate, while their numbers are always increasing. The three millions or more of them and their belongings must form a source of great anxiety to the rulers of the nation. On the verge of starvation in good seasons, when a series of poor crops and great depression prevails their lot must be sad indeed. Even in fair seasons, with so much green vegetable food, inferior quality of meal, little milk, and their poor wine, the deadly disease called *pellagra* kills many of them.

So far as my observations went, wherever farms were of fair size, not too large, and where hired laborers do the work, their condition compares well with that of those employed by the *messadri*, or even with small proprietors who farm their own land and do their own work. In many other districts they are hopelessly poor. However, the class of tenants immediately above them are only slightly better off, and from the fellow-feeling that this begets, and from never having known a happier condition of life, they are apparently resigned to their lot.

The rural districts of such a country are not pleasant to live in. A class always so abjectly poor, so short of the necessities of life, often idle, and always nigh to want, are exposed to many temptations to which well-employed and fully-paid laborers never are. Hence the high walls and strong enclosures which surround many farming places, and hence the strange precautions taken to indicate any interference with property, such as whitewashing the coal-heaps and the tops of the loaded coal-wagons on the railways, the almost universal use of locked wagons for all sorts of merchandise; and all private precautions that are taken on the fields and farm-places to prevent petty spoliation.

In many districts education has been low, and ignorance rampant; the loafing

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habits of the youth stick to them when they grow up, and render them little serviceable as members of the community. Their number keeps down the rate of wages. Education, now that there is a united Italy, is well attended to; as the class of teachers they possess have not themselves had the best training, time will be required for its effects to be developed. Their teachers must be first taught, however.

Had the Italian laborer, the small tenant class, and many messadri, as large a share of the produce of the land as the Scottish laborer has, the amount left for rent would be inconsiderable indeed; in many districts there would be no margin. In saying this, I by no means desire to see the Scotch laborer share less. He has little enough certainly. The Italian, however, has less, and but for the abundance of vegetables, life could not be sustained. It is impossible fairly to compare the Scottish agricultural laborers with the laboring class in Italy. On the large farms of Piedmont and Lombardy it may be so far comparable, but even there the Scottish laborer is vastly better placed; his nearness to great centres of trade and manufactures, where his sons and daughters are readily employed, enables him to obtain fair wages for his labor and to check over supply, while the easy access to the ports of departure of the various foreign and colonial steam shipping companies enables those inclined to go to join other friends and acquaintances abroad. In Italy no such facilities exist. The trade and commerce of the country is small, while little emigration for settlement abroad is heard of. It seems to me that our laborers are not only far in advance in the comforts of life, but they are far above those of the small tenant class and many of the messadri, and will compare favorably with the small property class who farm their own land.

CATTLE.

THE cattle are of a motley sort. No finer draught oxen are to be seen than those around Alessandria, south and north-west, with large, well-proportioned, muscular frames, strongly-knit limbs, and capital feet, not very long, tapering horns, and of light ashen white color. They are admirably adapted for slow, steady work. The finest sell when three or four years old at £40 to £50 a pair. Some of the milking sorts of Lombardy seem much prized; many are, however, imported from

Switzerland, the land being too valuable for breeding. The cattle of Naples and the south are of all colors and shapes; few of them are good, being of an inferior stock, for fat or milk; indeed, there are no true beef-producing cattle in Italy. None have the mellow touch, the tendency to fatten, and the kindly look of the English breeds. When visiting the cattle markets of Rome and other towns I saw large numbers collected for sale. These, even in the last week of February, when in England they are in the highest condition, were not in first-class fat; indeed, the most of them would be deemed third-rate in this country. They were of all ages, chiefly white in color, and many had been used for draught, to which purpose the breeders' attention had been chiefly directed. I by no means wish to decry the stately, sturdy draught oxen which you meet in the Campagna, or on the banks of the Arno or the Po. Without, however, interfering with this noble class, there is ample room for improvement in most of the other breeds. Any one who recollects the Irish cattle of fifty years ago, and knows them now, can appreciate the benefit which improved breeding confers. Such as the Irish were then, so are the greater number of the south-Italian cattle now.

It would be rash in a stranger to say the Italian breeder should use this breed or that breed for crossing his with. It is enough to say that in shape, form, and quality, either for milk or beef, they are sadly inferior. Slowly, and by using the best bulls that they can obtain of their present breeds, they would improve their stock. Through judicious crossing, as in the case of Ireland, they would in far fewer years make a more rapid improvement. In several of the northern towns, such as Genoa and Florence, the veal is particularly good, though injured by the absurd custom of blowing up with air; and generally the care shown about carrying meat from the slaughter-houses to the shops, and from them to the consumers, is superior to that in England and Scotland. On the top of a hotel omnibus I asked my neighbor what those little, neat vans drawn by smart ponies contained. "Butchers' meat," he said. "You English say you have the best meat in the world, and you have good meat, but you treat it badly; you throw the carcasses into a cart, often cast a dirty sheet over them, and the driver jumps up and sits on the load. In Paris, if anywhere, beef,

veal, mutton, and lamb are cleanly handled and neatly kept."

The price of beef and mutton varies in different towns in Italy. It is highest in Naples, where the supply is very poor. What is fairly good might reach nearly home price; and fair comparison can only be made with equal qualities. That which is priced at the butcher's stall or shop-doors is generally the inferior sorts.

THE DAIRY.

If the Italians cannot be praised for the quality of their beef and mutton, the products of the dairy in the shape of cheese is of the highest class. Gorgonzola, which along with English stilton forms the favorite of the clubs, is chiefly made at the village of that name a few miles from Milan. In other parts of Lombardy the Parmesan, the best-known product, is made for export, with a variety of the *grana*, or cheese for country sale. Gruyère cheese is also being imitated, while that from skimmed milk is the common food of the laborer, hard and uninviting though it be. What may be called factories for making cheese abound, and now several companies have started for the purpose of supplying milk to the towns. The Lombard Condensed Milk Company has its factory at Locate, and another is the Lateria Lombarda. These subject the milk which they purchase from the farmers to a process by which, in the hot climate of Italy, when sent to the towns it keeps fresh for four days, and with the addition of sugar for longer periods, and even for exportation. It appears that the price paid for the milk to the farmers by the company is about sevenpence a gallon. The extension of railways and tramways allows its being sent to the factories more readily, and from them to the towns. Very little first-class butter is made in Italy, though there is a fair quantity of second quality.

HORSES.

IN Italy you may travel far without meeting any one on horseback. The horses of Italy have yet to be improved; neither for riding, cart, plough, nor carriage have the Italians the right sort, nor are they in numbers sufficient to supply the army with the choice that the service requires. Of the thousands of troop horses I saw at Milan and elsewhere few had substance enough, and many were weak over the loins and not well ribbed home. So long as the ox proves the chief beast of draught, the Italian horses will

be limited in numbers. This, however, does not preclude the improvement of those that they now possess for the car, carriage, or army. Some of the Roman horses are of good shape, fair size, and well topped, but the best horses (few in number, no doubt) which you see are either imported horses or their produce. Such as the English dray or shire horse, not to speak of the Clydesdale, are not to be found in the country. The absence of such animals, seeing that the state of farming and trade is so different from ours, is not felt yet. The load their horses draw is for their weight perhaps equal to what English horses of similar size would take. I carefully noted the loads both in the north and south, and found that as a rule a horse, an ox, and a mule yoked to a cart drew nearly an equal load to that which one horse would do in Scotland, yet the weight of the Clydesdale would nearly equal that of all the three. I freely admit that the small size of so many of the holdings, and the inability of the cultivators to purchase higher-priced, larger-framed animals, must be considered. Why, however, should no attempt be made to breed even at light weights beasts which would have symmetry, strength, and endurance? It is not that there are no good horses of the various sorts, but it is that the shapely, well-proportioned animals are so few as compared with the "weeds." At Rome, in the Capitol, the horse on which the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius is mounted is an animal worthy of its rider, but no such horse is seen in Italy now. He is a clean-legged, long-bodied Clydesdale, with a noble head, though a little low at the withers for our present ideas. With such a pattern before them, than which a better does not exist, it only shows that Italian breeders cannot appreciate the truest and grandest specimen of the ancient sculptors' art as a model to work from.

Bakewell and all the other great improvers of the breeds either of horses, sheep, or cattle had an ideal form to breed to, and the chief benefit derived from shows of cattle, horse, or dog arises from exhibiting to the public those animals which more nearly approach the ideal forms which the best judges have adopted for their own. In this the Italians have much to learn. I had an opportunity of seeing an exhibition at Florence of a procession of the Hunt Club; about two hundred horses were turned out, among them many hacks and carriage horses, with some good hunters. At Rome also during

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the Carnival the carriage horses were very mixed, but a goodly sprinkling, including those of the royal carriages and those returning from hunting the wild boar on the Campagna, were good, and would compare well with English horses. Such animals, however, sell at high prices in every country; but the horse which is met doing either farm work or in the conveyances on the roads is of low value, selling usually for less than the best oxen, £10 to £20 being the range of prices, and often exceeded by the mules, of which a goodly number is used in preference to the horse.

SHEEP.

THE sheep of Italy are of a very mixed sort, being well adapted neither for wool nor mutton. Their bone and offal form too large a proportion of their bulk, while wool does not make up for the defect. The butchers' shops in many towns exhibit in spring what they call lamb; it is so precocious that it is far from inviting, and along with juvenile kid it makes an entry to such places repulsive. Ewe milk and goat milk is more valuable than well-fed lamb or kid.

In nothing can the Italians benefit their country more than by improving the breed of sheep. Were they crossed with English breeds they would carry more wool, and better mutton would soon appear in the shops. The large-boned, long-legged, narrow-backed breed met with in the country between Ferrara and Padua would give a better account of their food if so crossed than they now do. The yield of wool, at present only about two and a half pounds, might be doubled, and the value of the sheep increased from what they are at present, namely 10s. to 20s., to 30s. or 40s.

Taxation is high in Italy, and agriculture bears a large share, being levied in all sorts of forms on the farms and at the city gates, to pay the interest of the debt incurred for a united Italy, the cost of a large standing army, and an expensive system of administration. Were the energy and skill displayed on the large farms of Lombardy and Piedmont, as well as by the peasant proprietors of the Arno, diffused over the kingdom, the poorly employed laborers would have full work, and the land, now in many places almost idle, yield such an increase of produce as greatly to lighten the burden of the taxes.

JAMES MELVIN.

From Good Words.

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

SUSPENSE.

WINTON stayed in London until September, with a certain sense of satisfaction in this self-martyrdom. It was totally unnecessary and could advantage nobody — but the thought of going into the country and pretending to enjoy himself while everything was so doubtful as to his future prospects, was disagreeable to him. He neglected his friends, he declined his invitations, he took pleasure in making himself miserable, and in pouring out his loneliness and wretchedness on sheet after sheet of note paper, and addressing the budget to Billings Court: from whence, very soon indeed after this practice began, the duchess, alarmed, sent him an energetic protestation. "Such a hot correspondence will soon awaken suspicions," she wrote; "for Jane's sake I implore you to be a little more patient." "Patient! much she knows about it," Winton said, when, pouncing upon this letter with the hope of finding, perhaps — who could tell? — the duke's consent in it and final sanction, he encountered this disappointing check. What could she know about it indeed, with Jane by her side, and all that she cared for! Perhaps in other circumstances the young man might have had a glimmering perception that the duchess was well acquainted with the exercise of patience, even though Jane was her daughter; but at present his own affairs entirely occupied his mind. He spent a good deal of his time in Wardour Street and other cognate regions, and attended a great many sales, in which there was some degree of soothing to be obtained; for to "pick up" something which might hereafter grace her sitting-room gave a glory to *bric-à-brac*, and thus he seemed to be doing something for her, even when most entirely separated from her. Jane herself wrote to him the most soothing of letters. "So long as we know each other as we do, and trust each other, what does a little delay matter?" she said. Poor Winton cried out, "Much she knows about it!" again, as he kissed yet almost tore, in loving fury, her tender little epistle. This was very unreasonable, for of course she knew quite as much about it as he did. When a pair of lovers are parted it is not the lady that is supposed to feel it the

least. And yet he was more or less justified in that despairing exclamation, for Jane's perfect faith was such as is rarely possible to a man who has been in the world. He did not feel at all sure that she might not be capable out of pure sweetness and self-sacrifice—that pernicious doctrine in which, he said to himself angrily, women are nourished—of giving him up. Even the duchess sometimes thought so, deceived by the serene aspect of her child who did not pine or sigh, but pursued her gentle career with a more than ordinary sweetness and pleasure in it. Lady Jane had the advantage over both these doubting souls. Doubt was not in her; and she was aware, as they were not, of the persistency of her own steadfast nature, which, in the absence of all experience to the contrary, she held to be a universal characteristic. It did not occur to her as possible that having made up his mind on an important subject—far less given his heart, to use the sentimental language which she blushed yet was pleased in the depths of her seclusion to employ—any man—or woman either—could be persuaded or forced to change it. Many things were possible—but not that. She had no excitement on the subject because it was outside of all her consciousness, a thing impossible. Change! give up! The only result of such a suggestion upon Lady Jane was a faintly humorous, and perfectly serene smile. But Winton had not this admirable serenity. Perhaps he was not himself so absolutely true as the stainless creature whom he loved. He worked himself up into little fits of passion sometimes, asking himself how he could tell what agencies might be brought to bear upon her, what necessities might be urged upon her. It was very well known that the duke was poor; and if it so happened that in the depths of his embarrassment somebody stepped forward with one of those fabulous fortunes which are occasionally to be met with, ready to free the father at the cost of the daughter, as happens sometimes even out of novels, would Jane be able to resist all the inducements that would be brought to bear upon her? Winton sprang from his feet more than once with a wild intention of rushing to his lawyers and instructing them to stop his Grace's mouth with a bundle of bank-notes, lest he might lend an ear to that imaginary millionaire. And on coming to his senses it might be said that the duke's overweening pride which was working his own harm, was the point

of consolation to which the lover clung, and not any conviction of the firmness of Lady Jane in such circumstances. *It was* a comfort that his Grace was far too haughty in his dukedom to suffer the approach of mere millionaires.

In September, Lady Germaine returning from that six weeks at Homburg with which it was the fashion in those days for worn-out fine ladies to recruit themselves after the labors of the season, and pausing in London two days in a furious *accès* of shopping before she went to the country, saw Winton pass the door at which her carriage was standing, and pounced upon him with all the eagerness of an explorer in a savage country. "You here!" she said, "for goodness' sake come and help me with my shopping. I have not spoken two words together for a week—not even on the journey! There was nobody; I can't think where the people have gone to; one used to be sure of picking up some one on the way, but there was nobody. Well! and how are things going?" she added, making a distinct pause after her first little personal outburst was over.

"Very badly," Winton said, with a sigh.

"Papa will not pay any attention?" said Lady Germaine. "I warned you of that: don't say you were taken unawares. I told you he was the most impracticable of men, and you, in your holy innocence——"

"Don't," said Winton. "I remember all you said; you called me names: you confessed that you felt guilty——"

"Be just. I did not say I felt guilty, but only that his Grace would think me so, which are very different things. And so he will not have you? poor boy! But I knew that from the beginning. There is one fine thing in him, that he has no eye to his own advantage. Most people would think you a very good match for Jane."

"Don't speak blasphemy," said Winton. "I agree with the duke, he is as right as a man can be. There is nobody good enough for her——"

"Except——"

"Except no one that I am acquainted with. I don't deserve that she should let me tie her shoes. Oh, don't suppose I have changed my opinion about that."

"I am glad to find you are in such a proper frame of mind; then there will be no trouble at all, none of the expedients adopted in such cases? Poor Lady Jane! but since that is the case there is

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nothing more to be said. And what, may I ask, you good, humble-minded young man, are you doing in town in September? You ought to be shooting somewhere, or making yourself agreeable."

"I am knocking about at all the sales," said Winton, "trying to pick up a little thing here and there for her rooms at Winton. What are the expedients you were thinking of, dear Lady Germaine? It is always good to know."

Lady Germaine laughed. "Then you have not given in?" she said. "I did not suppose you were the sort of person to give in. What did he say? was it final? did he show you to the door? You will think it hard-hearted of me to laugh, but I should like to have been in hiding somewhere to have seen his Grace's face when you ventured to tell him."

"He has not received that shock yet," said Winton, not very well pleased.

"He has not — ! Do you mean you have never asked the duke? Are things just as they were, then, and no advance made?" said Lady Germaine in a tone of wonder that was not quite free of contempt.

"They will not let me speak," said Winton in a voice from which he could not keep a certain querulous accent. "It is not my way of managing affairs; but what can I do? Her mother says —"

"Then you have got the duchess on your side?"

"I suppose so," said the young man. "I sometimes doubt whether it is for good or evil. She will not let me speak. She says she will let me know the right moment. In the mean time life is insupportable, you know. I shall take my courage *à deux mains*, and when I go down there —"

"You are going down there — to Billings?" cried Lady Germaine with a gasp of astonishment.

"On the tenth," said Winton with a sigh, "but whether anything will come of it or not —"

"When the duchess is taking the business into her own hands! Reginald Winton, I have told you before you were a goose," said Lady Germaine solemnly. "And what is the use of mooning about here and asking me what are the expedients? Of course, she has thought of all the expedients. Whatever *he* may be, the duchess is a woman of sense. Are you furnishing Winton? Have you all your arrangements made? I should have everything ready — down to the footstools and door-mats — and servants engaged,

and your carriages seen to. You can't marry a duke's daughter without taking a little trouble about the place you are going to put her in."

"Trouble — there shall be no sparing of trouble!" he cried; but then shook his head. "We are a long way off that," he added in a dolorous tone.

"This is the confident lover," said Lady Germaine, "who scoffed at dukes and thought himself good enough for anybody's daughter. Don't you see that if it comes to nothing, something must come of it directly? Things of this sort can't hang on — they go quicker than the legitimate drama. If I were you, I would have the steeds saddled in their stalls, and the knights in their armor, like Walter Scott, you know."

"Do you think so?" said Winton, his eyes lighting up. "If I could imagine that anything so good as this was on the cards —"

"On the cards! Oh, the obtuseness of man! Do you think the duchess will let herself be beaten? Oh, yes, her husband has been too many for her again and again. I know she has had to give in and let him take his own way; but now that Jane is concerned, and she has pledged herself to you —"

"She has been very kind. I had not the least right to expect such kindness as she has shown me; but she has given no pledge," said Winton with a recurrence of his despondency.

Lady Germaine, who had stopped herself in the full career of her shopping to hold this conversation with him in a luxurious corner of the great shop, where all was still at this dead moment of the year, and only velvet-footed assistants passed now and then noiselessly, gave him at this moment a look of disdain, and rose up from her chair. "I did not think you had been such a noodle," she said, and, before he could answer a word, went forward to the nearest counter, where an elegant youth had been waiting all the time with bales of silk and stuffs half unfolded for her ladyship's inspection, and plunged into business. That elegant youth had not in any way betrayed his weariness. He had stood by his wares as if it were the most natural thing in the world to wait for half an hour, so to speak, between the cup and the lip: but he had not been without his thoughts, and these thoughts were not very favorable to Lady Germaine. Most likely this was the origin of a paragraph which crept into one of the society papers in the deadness of the sea-

son and puzzled all the tantalized circles in country houses, and even bewildered the clubs. Who could the "Lady G." be who had awakened the echoes of the back shop at Allen and Lewisby's? Here is the advantage of an immaculate reputation. Neither the clubs nor the country houses ever associated Lady Germaine with such a possibility; but this, of course, was what that elegant young person did not know.

"Why am I a noodle?" said Winton, going after her, and too much absorbed in the subject to think of the attendant at all.

"If you can think of a stronger word put that instead," said Lady Germaine. "I can't call names here, don't you see, though I should *so* like to. No pledge! Oh, you — What should you like in that way? Something on parchment with seals hanging to it like a pope's bull? as if every word she said and every suggestion she made was not a pledge, and the strongest of pledges? Go away, and let me choose the children's new frocks in peace. It is easier to do that than to make people understand."

But Winton did not go away. He leaned over her chair, making certainty more certain to the spectator behind the counter. "Look here," he said, "do you really mean what you say — that I ought to have everything ready?"

"Don't you think these two shades go nicely together?" said Lady Germaine, putting the silk and the merino side by side with skilful hands, and with an air of the profoundest deliberation. "The girls have not a thing to wear. I should have the steeds in the stables and the knights in the hall, if I were you, and William of Deloraine ready to ride by night or by day."

Perhaps this advice was not the clearest in the world, but, such as it was, it was all the lady would give; and it sent Winton along the half-lighted, half-empty streets, in the twilight of the soft September evening, with an alert pace and a heart beating as it had not beat since London had suddenly become empty to him by the departure of one family from it. He went over every room of his house that evening, calculating and considering. It was a charming house, and he had regarded it with no small satisfaction when, only a year or two before, its decorations had been completed. But now, with the idea in his mind that at any moment (was not that what she said?) he might have to be ready for the princess,

the wife — that his happiness might come upon him suddenly, and his life be transformed, and his house turned into *her* house — in this view it was astonishing how many things he found that were incomplete. Nay, everything was incomplete. It was dingy — it was small; it was commonplace. The drawing-rooms had become old-fashioned, though yesterday he had been under the impression that there was an antique grace about them — a flavor of the old world which gave them character. The dining-room was heavy and elaborate; the library too dark; the morning-room — good heavens! there was no morning-room in which a lady could establish herself, but only a half-furnished place, uninhabited, cold, with no character at all. It brought a cold dew all over him when he opened the door of that empty chamber. He could scarcely sleep for thinking of it. What if she might be ready before her house was! The idea was intolerable; and everything was petty, mean, without beauty, unworthy of her. He had not thought so when he walked through those over-gilded drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Square, and said to himself that not amid such tawdry fineries as these should his wife be housed. Everything had changed since that brief moment of confidence. He was dissatisfied with everything. Next morning he had no sooner awoke from a sleep troubled by dreams of chaotic upholstery, than he went to work. Perhaps, after all, things were not so bad. With the aid of a few experts, and a great deal of money, much, if not everything, can be done in a very short space of time. He ran down into the country as soon as he had set things going in Kensington, and arrived at his old manor-house without warning, to the great consternation of the housekeeper. Winton had still more need of the experts and the *bric-à-brac*. It wanted many things besides, which were not to be had in a moment, and his life for the next week was as laborious as that of the busiest workman. The excitement among the servants and hangers-on at both places was indescribable. He said nothing of his approaching marriage, and yet nothing but an approaching marriage could account for it; or else that he was going clean out of his senses, which was another hypothesis produced.

This fit of active and hopeful exertion got over these remaining days with the speed of a dream. The hours galloped along with him as lightly at least, if not as merrily, as though they were indeed

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carrying him to his wedding-day. But when all was done that he could do, and the moment approached for his visit to Billings, a cold shade fell over him. Lady Germaine's clever little speeches began to look like nonsense as he thought them over; "quicker than the legitimate drama;" what did she mean by that? Could he imagine for a moment to himself that Jane, the princess of her own race as well as of his affections, the serene and perfect lady of his thoughts, would be the heroine of any vulgar romance? That he could have entertained such a thought for a moment horrified him, when he paused in his feverish exertion and began to think what it all meant. But this was only on the way to Billings, when every pulse in his body began to throb high with the thought of being once more in her presence, under the same roof with her, and about to put his fortune to the test to gain everything or — no, not to lose her. He said to himself with a sudden passion that he would not lose Jane. Such a calamity was not possible. Father and mother and all the powers might do what they would or could, but she was his, and give her up he would not. Thus the anxious lover went round the compass and came back to the point from which he started. He found Lady Germaine as wise and clever as he had always thought her, when he came thus far. There were expedients — and the duchess was pledged to the employment of them as certainly as if he had her word for it engrossed on parchments sealed and signed and delivered. One way or another, his visit to Billings would be decisive. He went like a soldier to the field of battle, with a thrill of excitement over him, as well as with all the softening enthusiasm of a lover. Happen how it might, he could not leave that unknown fortress, that Castle Dangerous, as he came.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

It was not, however, at all like a conquering hero that Winton made his appearance at Billings. A number of other people arrived by the same train and were conveyed in various carriages both before and after him to the great house. It was a long drive, and he had time to think about it and to go over the approaching meeting, rehearsing it again and again. Winton knew as well as any one what it is to arrive at a country house — the confusion of the arrival, the little

pause when no one knows what to do, the hesitation of the people who have never been there before, the well-bred attempts of the people who have, not to seem too much at home, the anxiety of the hosts to distribute their attentions equally and leave no one out — were all familiar to him. But somehow his special position now gave him much of the feeling of surprise and disappointment and involuntary half-offence which a new comer, unused to society, and expecting perhaps to be received with all the warm individual welcome of more intimate hospitality, feels when he finds himself only one of the least considerable of a large party. All the other members of the group were of greater consequence than Winton, and almost all were *habitués* of the place, accustomed to come year after year — persons whom the duke could receive as sufficiently near his own level to be worthy the honor of his friendship. Such a party is always diversified by some one or two people who are altogether nobodies, and afford either a sort of background like supernumeraries in a play, or are elevated to the most important position by dint of dexterity and adulation. Winton felt himself to belong to the background as he stood about in the hall when all the greetings were going on, waiting for his. It had been like a sudden downfall from heaven to earth to perceive, as he cast his first rapid glance round on entering, that Jane was not there. Afterwards he said to himself that he could not have endured her to be there, but for the moment her absence struck him like a blow. And what could the duchess do more than shake hands with him as she did with all her other guests? He thought she gave him a glance of warning, a little smile — but no doubt every man there supposed that for himself individually her Grace had a kind regard. He stood talking for a short time after the ladies had been swept away to their rooms. He knew several of the more important of the guests, and he knew one of the nobodies who was a very prominent figure. But it was with an indignant sense that his reception ought to have been a very different one that he found himself following a servant up the grand staircase into those distant regions allotted to bachelors, where his non-importance was to be still more forcibly brought home to him. He who ought to have been received as the son of the house — he to whom its brightest member had linked her fate — that he should come in on the same footing as Mr. Rosen-

crantz, the German librarian, or that stale hanger-on of the clubs who made a sort of trade of country-houses, was very bitter to Winton. He was not accustomed to be a *super*, and he did not like the post. To tell the truth, in the first half-hour in Billings Castle Winton felt his own hopes and dreams come back upon him with a bitterness and sense of ridicule which drove him almost out of himself. Had he not been a fool to entertain any hopes at all? Was not Lady Germaine ludicrously mistaken when she talked of the duchess's pledge? The duchess, was she not far too great a lady to care what happened to a simple gentleman? He began to think he had been a fool to come, a fool ever to permit himself to shipwreck his heart and life in this way, and doubly a fool, a ridiculous idiot to go drivelling into decorations and pieces of furniture, as if his little manor-house could ever vie with — All these thoughts were put to flight in a moment by the sudden opening of a closed door which flooded a dark passage to his right with the glory of the sunset sweeping through it. Some one came out and stood for a moment in the midst of that glory: then Winton heard himself called. The servant disappeared by magic, and he suddenly found himself in a small sitting-room with a broad window flooded by the evening light. The duchess held out both her hands to him, but he scarcely saw them, for behind her, coming in through another door, a little flush upon her soft cheeks, and that liquid golden illumination in her eyes — it was as if some one had said to him out of the glowing west, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

This meeting, however, was of the briefest — for the house was very full and the dinner hour approaching. "You must go away directly," the duchess said, "but I could not trust you to meet for the first time down-stairs before so many eyes."

"So it was policy?" Winton cried.

"Entirely policy — is not every step I take more or less of that description? but Jane could not have borne it," she said, "and neither could you, I think. I did not bring you here to ruin you. We must all be on our p's and q's."

"P's and q's," cried Winton, "become insupportable. Dear duchess, you will not be too hard upon me. Now at least I must have it out, and know my fate. How can I bear to hang on — to have everything pushed off in indefinite space?"

Lady Jane touched his arm lightly with her hand, stroking it, with a pretty move-

ment of mingled soothing and sympathy. "*Pazienza!*" she said softly; but she liked the impatience. It pleased her delicate sense of what was best.

"Would you prefer, Mr. Winton, to know the worst? — would you rather have a definite no than an indefinite suspense?"

"Don't call him Mr. Winton," said Lady Jane in her under-tone.

Winton looked from one lady to another keenly, with an inquiry which the duchess met without flinching, and Lady Jane without being at all aware what it meant. Her Grace gave him an almost imperceptible nod, always looking him full in the face. Her eyes seemed to promise everything. "In that case," he said — "in that case — better the refusal: then we shall see what there remains to do."

The duchess sighed. "I believe it is the wisest way," she said, "after all: but you cannot suppose it is very pleasant to me. Now, go; you must go, and leave us to dress. You may come here to-morrow after breakfast, or when we come in, in the afternoon — but you must not be always coming. And in the mean time prudence, prudence! you cannot be too prudent. If you betray yourself I cannot answer for the consequences. You must remember that for Jane's sake."

Then they put him out of the room, out of the shining of the sunset in which he thought she stood transfigured, the soft glory caressing her, the level golden radiance getting into her eyes and flooding them — and closed the door upon him, leaving him in the darkness of the passage, which looked all black to his dazzled eyes. Fortunately his guide appeared a moment afterwards and he was led up to his chamber, in the wilds so to speak of the great house, where he came back to himself as well as he could. Winton was only a man like the rest of his kind. He wondered if the women enjoyed, with a native feminine malice such as everybody has commented upon from the beginning of time, the position in which they had placed him. Ah, not *they*; not Jane, who was a world above all jesting — but perhaps the duchess, who, he could imagine, did not mind making him pay a little in his dignity, in his self-regard, for the promotion he had got through her daughter's love. She would do anything for him because Jane loved him, but perhaps she had a mischievous satisfaction in the little drama which she was arranging round him — the external slights, the sudden bliss, the dismissal back again to humil-

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ity and the second floor. Was this so? He concluded it was, with a half-amused irritation, a sense of being played with. She was kind; but was it in mortal to suffer without a pang, without an attempt at reprisals, the loss of Jane? And then, perhaps, the duchess too had a little feeling that he was not one of her own caste, her daughter's equal—not enough to make her resist that daughter's choice, but yet enough to prompt in passing a little prick as with a needle at the too fortunate. As a matter of fact, had Winton been cool enough to notice it, the duchess had meant him no prick at all. He had been received in the usual way, lodged according to the general rule. She had thought it wisest not to do anything to distinguish him beyond his neighbors, but that was all.

The evening was full of tantalized and suppressed expectation, yet of a moment's pleasure now and then. Except the German librarian and the man from the clubs, and a young author who had been the fashion and was the *protégé* of one of the great families visiting at Billings, the company was all much more splendid than Winton. Names that were known to history buzzed about him as he sat down to dinner, with Lady Adela Grandmaison beside him, who was exceedingly relieved to fall to his lot and not to one of the elderly noblemen who illustrated the table. Lady Adela wore a sacque like a dainty lady of the eighteenth century, but was apt to throw herself into attitudes which were suggestive of the fourteenth. She did not feel at all disposed to be disdainful of Winton. Instead of this she took him into her confidence. "Did you ever see such a party of swells?" she said, notwithstanding her mediæval attitudes. "Don't they frighten you to death, Mr. Winton? I am so glad to have somebody I dare talk to. The duke is too funny for anything, don't you think so? like an old monarch in the pantomime. It is all exactly like the theatre. He says 'My lord'—listen! exactly as they do on the stage."

"I suppose they did that sort of thing when his Grace was young," said Winton, looking up the great table to where that majestic presence showed beyond the ranks of his guests. A little tremor ran over him when he realized the splendor of the personage to whom he was going so soon to carry his suit. "Perhaps we are a little too free-and-easy nowadays," he said.

"Don't desert your generation," cried

Lady Adela, and then she added significantly, "there is Jane looking our way. Jane is so sweet—don't you think so, Mr. Winton?"

Winton met the soft eyes of his love and the keen ones of this young observer at the same moment; and this, though he was a man of the world, brought a sudden flush to his face. All the fine company, and the gorgeous table heavy with plate and brilliant with flowers, grew like a mist to him, and nothing seemed real except that softly-tinted, tender-shining countenance, turning upon him the light of her eyes. They were so placed that though they never spoke they could see each other across the table, through a little thicket of feathery ferns and flowers. Lady Jane was too courteous, too self-forgetting to neglect her special companion, or to abandon the duty of entertaining her parents' guests. But now and then she would lift her eyes, and empty out her heart in one look across the table through that flowery veil. He was not nearly so entertaining in consequence as Lady Adela had hoped.

Next morning there were some moments that were full of excitement and happiness in the midst of a day which was just like other days. Lady Jane agreed fully with Winton, that to be there under her father's roof without informing him of the object of his visit was a thing unworthy of her lover; and she was, like him, entirely convinced that, whatever might come of it, the explanation must be made. The duchess did not contest this high decision of principle—but she shook her head. "I have nothing to say against you. I suppose you are right. It must be done sooner or later," she said. "There is only one thing—put it off till the last day of your visit; for this I am sure of, that you will not be able to spend another night at Billings."

"Mamma!" Lady Jane cried, with a fervor which brought the tears to her eyes, "my father will say nothing that one gentleman may not say to another."

The duchess once more shook her head. "When one gentleman asks another for his daughter and is refused—though the one should be the most courteous in the world, and the other the most patient, yet it is generally considered most convenient that they should not continue in the same house."

"I will take your mother's advice, my dearest," said Winton; but it was hardly possible for mortal man to have it put before him so plainly without a little feel-

ing of offence. It had been settled that he was to stay a week, and notwithstanding the happiness which the duchess had secured to him by giving him the entry to this sacred little sitting-room into which no stranger ever intruded, and by affording him as many opportunities as were possible of seeing Lady Jane, he spent the rest of the time with a certain feeling of hostility in his mind towards her, which was thoroughly unreasonable. He began to doubt whether she wished him to succeed, whether she was indeed so truly his friend as she represented herself to be. A man must be magnanimous indeed who can entirely free his mind from the prevalent notions about the love of women for "managing," and their inclination towards intrigue and mystery. A conviction that his own manly statement of his case would tell more effectually with the duke, who was a gentleman though he might be pompous and haughty, than any semi-deceitful feminine process, began to grow in his mind. And this conviction, in which there was a partially indignant revulsion of feeling—rank ingratitude and unkindness, but of that he was not conscious—from his allegiance to the duchess, gave him a natural inclination to propitiate the head of the house and see him in his best light, which was not without a certain influence even on the duke himself, who more and more felt this modest young commoner, though he was nobody in particular, to be a person of discrimination, and one who was capable of appreciating himself and understanding his views. Thus with new hopefulness on one side, and mistrust on the other, Winton counted the days as they went by towards the moment which was to decide his fate. He impressed his own hopefulness upon Lady Jane, who was indeed very willing to believe that nothing but what was noble and honorable could come from her father. They discussed the subject anxiously, yet with less and less alarm. To her it seemed, as she heard all the wise and modest speeches her lover intended to make as to his own lesser importance, but great love—it seemed to her that no heart could hold out against him. That tenderest humility, which was the natural characteristic of her mind underneath the instincts of rank which were so strong in her, and the sense of lofty position which was part of her religion, was touched with the most exquisite wonder and happiness at the thought that all this noble and pure passion was hers, and hers only.

"It is impossible," she said, "if you speak to him as you do to me, Reginald—oh, it is impossible that he can resist." "It is impossible, my darling," said the young man, "when he hears that you love me." Thus they encouraged each other, and on the eve of the great day wrought themselves to an enthusiasm of faith and certainty. The duchess's limitation of his visits had of course come to very little purpose, and every moment that Winton could manage to escape from the bonds of society below stairs he spent with Lady Jane above, discoursing upon their hopes, and the manner in which best to get them wrought into fulfilment. They talked of everything, in those stolen hours of sweetness: of what was to happen in the future, of all they were to be to each other, coming back again and again to the moment which was to decide all, always with a stronger and stronger sense that the duke's consent must come, and that to be balked by this initial difficulty was impossible. But it cannot be denied that Winton had certain difficulties even about that future in his communings with his bride. He could not get her to understand that very little self-sacrifice would be necessary on her part, and that the house to which he proposed to transplant her was little less luxurious than her own. Lady Jane smiled upon him when he said this with one of those little heavenly stupidities which belong to such women. She did not wish it to be so, and so far as this went put no faith in him. It was a settled question in her own mind. Arabella's famous elucidation had fortified her on that point beyond all assault. It pleased her to look forward to the little manor-house, and the changed world which would surround the squire's wife. If he had carried her direct to a palace more splendid than Billings she would have felt a visionary but active disappointment. She drew him gently to other subjects when he entered upon this, especially to the one unfailing subject, the duke, and what he might say. They both grew very confident as they talked it over: and yet when Winton came to tell her, on the evening preceding that momentous day, that he had asked for an interview and it had been granted to him, Lady Jane lost her pretty color, which was always so evanescent, and her breath, and almost her self-possession. "No," she said, "oh, not afraid! if you say *that* to him, Reginald, he cannot resist—but only a little nervous; one is always nervous when there is any

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doubt. And then to think that this is the last evening!"

"If things go right it will not be the last evening," he cried. "The duchess said a man could not stay who had been refused; but even she would allow that a man who has *not* been refused may remain and be happy. Ah, Jane! imagine the happiness of being allowed to belong to each other! no more secret meetings, no further alarms of discovery."

She gave a sigh of happiness and relief, yet blushed almost painfully. The idea of doing anything which she did not wish to be found out hurt her still, notwithstanding that in the stress of the crisis she had yielded to do it. Winton's conscience was not so delicate, and his excitement made him wildly confident. It is a woman's part to fear in such a case as it is her part to encourage in the midst of doubt. "Provided," she said, with a little sigh of suspense, "provided it all goes as we wish."

He took her hands in his and held them fast, and stood bending over her looking into her eyes. "Supposing," he said slowly, "supposing" — he was so excited and sure of what was going to happen that he could afford to be theatrical — "supposing all should not go as we wish, Jane — what then?"

Lady Jane did not make any reply. She returned his look, with her hands clasping his, standing steadfast without a shadow of wavering. She felt as she had done in her youth when she had imagined herself facing the guillotine. She was ready to suffer whatever might be inflicted upon her, but to yield, she would not. It would have been easier by far to die.

All this time the duchess let them have their way. They were ungrateful, they were even unkind, but she endured it with a patience and toleration to which long experience had trained her. If it was with a little pang that she kissed her daughter, wondering at that universal law which makes a woman, still more than a man, forsake father and mother, and cleave to her husband, she said nothing about it: she left them to themselves and their hopes. She said to herself that they would find out too soon what a broken reed they were trusting to, and her heart ached for the failure of those anticipations which gave Lady Jane so beautiful a color, and an air of such serene happiness. Better that she should have a happy evening, that she should sleep softly and wake hopefully once more.

The morning of the great day dawned

in a weeping mist, the heavens leaden, the earth sodden, and streams of blinding rain falling by intervals. Lady Jane, as she opened her eyes upon the misty daylight, and thought, as soon as her faculties were awake, of what was going to be done, clasped her soft hands, and said a prayer for *him*, and for herself, and still more warmly for her father, who was, so to speak, on his trial. He had never been less than a noble father in Lady Jane's eyes. She had not found him out, being scarcely of her generation in this respect, and accepting unaffectedly what was presented to her as the real state of things; but she could not help feeling that the duke was on his trial. He might deny her lover's suit and break her own heart, and yet keep his child's respect. But a vague fear lest he should not do this had got into her soul she did not know how. She waited with a tremor which she could not subdue for the moment. How fortunate it was that it rained, and that it was impossible to go out! For once in her life Lady Jane failed in her duty. She escaped from little Lady Adela, who was so anxious to be taken into her confidence, and from the other guests, who, seeing the hopelessness of the weather, were yawning together in the great bow-window of the morning-room, gazing out upon the sodden grass and dreary avenue, dripping from every tree, and wondering how they were to kill the time till luncheon. Lady Jane, instead of helping to solve that problem, as she ought to have done, fled from them and escaped to the seclusion of her mother's drawing-room, where she sat with the door ajar, listening for every footstep. The duchess, though she had felt her desertion, and knew that the foolish pair of lovers were in a sort of secession from her, following their own way, yet was very magnanimous to their wrong-headedness. She said no word and looked no look of reproach, but gave up her writing and her business, and went down herself among the unoccupied ladies, and did her best to amuse them. This was perhaps of all the sacrifices she made for them the one that cost her most.

It was about eleven o'clock when Winton presented himself at the door of the duke's room; which was a handsome room, full of books, with a large window looking out upon the park, and some of the finest of the family pictures upon the walls. Over the mantelpiece hung a full-length portrait, looking gigantic, of the duchess, with Lady Jane, a little girl of

eight or nine, holding her hand. It seemed to Winton, as his eye caught this on entering, that there was a reproachful look in the eyes, and that Jane's little face, serene and sweet as it had always been, had a startled air of curiosity, and watched him from behind her mother. The large window was full of blank and colorless daylight, and an atmosphere of damp and rain. The duke rose as he came in with much graciousness, and pointed to a chair. He came from his writing-table, which was at some distance, and placed himself in front of the fireplace, as an Englishman loves to do, even when there is no fire. "I hope," the duke said, "that you are going to tell me of something in which I can serve you, Mr. Winton." There arose in Winton's mind a momentary thrill of indignation and derision. Serve him! as if he were not better off and more fit to serve himself than half-a-dozen bankrupt dukes! But Winton remembered that this was Jane's father, and restrained himself; and indeed the excitement and suspense in his breast left him at no leisure for more than a momentary rebellion. He replied, "It is true I do appear before your Grace as a suitor"—but here his voice failed him and his courage.

"You must not hesitate to speak plainly," said the duke, always more and more graciously. "Alas, I am in opposition, and my influence does not tell for much. Still, if there is any way in which I can be of use to you—there is no one for whom I should more willingly stretch a point."

"You are very kind," said Winton. "It is not in that way that I should trouble you. I am not in want of patronage—in that way. I may say that I am rich—not," he hastened to add, "as you are, but for my position in life; very well off—almost more than well off."

"I am delighted to hear it, Mr. Winton; but that is all the more reason why you should serve your country. We want men who are indifferent to pecuniary advantage. I shall be most happy to mention your name to Lord Coningsby or to—"

"If you permit me," said Winton, "it is your Grace only whose favor I desire to gain."

Here the duke began to laugh in a somewhat imbecile way, shaking his head with an air of complacency which would have been too ludicrous for mortal powers of gravity, had not Winton's mind been so much otherwise occupied. "Ah," he said, "I see! you are thinking of that

old story about the Foreign Office. You must know that was mere talk. I do not expect that anything could come of it. But if," his Grace added with another little run of laughter, "when we return to power—be assured, Mr. Winton, that nothing could give me greater pleasure—"

What was he to say? Winton knew very well that he himself was as likely, if not more so,—for he was a young man, with the world before him—to be foreign minister than the duke; and what with the confusion of the mistake and the ludicrous character of the patronage offered, he was more embarrassed than tongue could tell. "You are very kind," he faltered, scarcely knowing what he said; then, taking his courage with both hands, "duke," he said boldly, "it was on a much more presumptuous errand I ventured to intrude upon you. What you will say to me I dare not venture to think. I come not to ask for patronage or place, but for something a great deal more precious. I come—" Here he paused, so bewildered by the dignified unconsciousness and serene superiority of the potentate in whose presence he stood that words failed him, and he stood and gazed at that immovable countenance with a sort of appalled wonder to think that anything should be so great yet so small, so capable of making himself ridiculous, and yet with power to spoil two lives at his pleasure. The duke shifted his position a little, put his right hand within his waistcoat in an attitude in which he had once stood for his portrait, and regarded his suppliant with benignity. "Go on," he said, waving his other hand, "go on."

Ah, how right the duchess was! Oh, what a miserable mistake the lover had made! But there was no drawing back now. "I am not worthy, no one is worthy of her," he said with agitation. "I am only a commoner, which I know is a disadvantage in your eyes. The only thing, and that is nothing, is, that at least I could make ample provision and secure every comfort for my wife."

"Your wife!" said the duke, with a surprise which was ineffable. If any gleam of suspicion came over him he quenched it in the sublime patronage of a superior. "This is very interesting," he said, "and shows a great faith in my friendship to take me into your confidence on such a delicate subject. I am happy to hear you are in such favorable circumstances; but really," he added with a laugh, "when you think how very unlikely

it is that I can have any knowledge of the future Mrs. Winton —"

The young man grew red and hot with a mixture of embarrassment and resentful excitement, stung by the look and the tone. "It is your daughter," he said, "who has given me permission to come to you. It is of Lady Jane I want to speak. You cannot think me less worthy of her than I think myself."

"Lady Jane!" The duke grew pale; he took his hand out of his waistcoat, and stared at the audacious suitor with dismay. Then he recovered himself with an effort, and snatched at a smile as if it had been something that hung on the wall, and put it on tremulously. "Ah! ah! I see," he added. "You think she might render you assistance. Speak a good word for you — eh?" The attempt to be jocular which was entirely out of his habits convulsed his countenance. "Yes, yes, I see! that is what you mean," he said.

There was a pause, and the two men looked each other in the face. A monarch confronted by the whole embodied force of revolution — scorning it, hating it, yet with an insidious suggestion of alarm underneath all — on one hand; and on the other the revolution embodied, pale with lofty anger and a sense of its own rights, yet not without a regret, a sympathetic pang for the old king about to be disrowned. The mutual contemplation lasted not more than a few moments, though it seemed so long. Then the duke turned on his heel with a grimace which in his agitation he intended for a laugh. "I prefer," he said, "on the whole that Lady Jane should not be appealed to. My disposition to serve you was personal. The ladies of my family are not less amicably inclined, I am sure; but I do not wish them to be mixed up — in short you will understand that wishing you well in every way, I must advise you to trust to your own attractions in a matrimonial point of view. I cannot permit my daughter to interfere."

He had moved about while he was speaking, but at the end returned to his place and fixed Winton with the commanding look, straight in the eyes, of a man determined to intimidate an applicant. It was the least successful way in which he could have attempted to influence the present suitor. Winton's excitement rose to such a pitch that he recovered his calm and self-possession as if by magic.

"I feel that I have explained myself badly," he said, "and this is not a matter

on which there can be any misunderstanding between us. I must ask you to listen to me calmly for a moment."

"Calmly, my good sir! your matrimonial affairs, however important to you, can scarcely be expected to excite me," cried his Grace sharply, with irritation in every tone.

"There can be nothing in the world so exciting — to both of us," said Winton. "My lord duke, I come from your daughter, from Jane."

"Sir!" cried the duke. But no capitals are capable of expressing the force, the fury of this outburst, which struck Winton like a projectile, full in the face so to speak. He made a step backward in momentary dismay.

"I must finish," he said, somewhat wildly. "Jane sends me to your Grace. I love her and she me. She has promised to be my wife. It is no intercession, it is herself I ask. Jane — duke! on her account I have a right to be heard — a right — to have an answer at least."

The duke was beyond the power of speech. He was purple with rage and astonishment, and at the same time a kind of furious panic. He caught at his shirt collar like a man stifled. He had no voice to reply, but waved his hand imperiously towards the door. And Winton, too, was in a degree panic-struck. He had never seen such a blind and helpless fit of passion before. Such things had been heard of as that a man should die of rage. That indeed would be a separation from Jane beyond any power to amend. He drew back a little with an anxiety he could not conceal.

"I have taken you by surprise," he said. "I ask your pardon. Whatever I can do to soften the shock — to meet your wishes — I will do."

"Go, sir! Go, sir!" the duke stormed in his fury. "That is all you can do — go! there is the door." He waved his hand towards it with a threatening gesture. He was transported out of himself. He followed Winton step by step with a sort of moral compulsion, forcing him to retire. The young man's blood, it is needless to say, was in an uproar; his heart thumping against his breast, every pulse going like a hammer. But he made a stand again midway to that door which seemed the only reply he was to have. "You will remember," he said, "that I have no answer — you give me no answer; I will leave the room and the house as your Grace bids, but that is not a reply —"

"Go, sir," the duke cried. He stamped his foot like an enraged fishwife. He had the sense to hold himself in, not to allow the torrent of abuse which was on his lips to pour forth; but how long he would have been able to endure, to keep in this vigorous and fiery tide, could not have been predicted. He flung open the door with a force which made the walls quiver, and the action seemed more or less to bring him to himself. He recovered his voice at last. "I ought," he panted, with a snarl, "to thank you for the honor you have done my poor house," and thus with an explosion of laboring breath drove the astonished suitor out, as if by a blast of wind. Winton found himself in the corridor, while the crash of the great door swung behind him echoed through the house, with an amazement which words cannot describe. It had all passed like a scene in a dream. He paused a moment to recover himself. He, too, was breathless, his whole physical being agitated, his head hot and throbbing, his heart choking him. He could not speak to the duchess, whom he met a moment after coming along the corridor with a packet of papers in her hand. "It is all over," he said incoherently, waving his hand as he passed her. The only idea in his mind for the moment was of indignity and wrong.

CHAPTER IX.

ACTING FOR HERSELF.

THE duchess's little sitting-room had not for years enclosed so melancholy a group. She herself, in old days when she first began to realize all the circumstances of the life which she had come into, had wept many an unnoticed tear in it; but in after years she had acquired the philosophy of maturity, and had too much to do holding her own amid all the adverse circumstances about her, to be able to indulge in personal lamentations. But Lady Jane had never known any of those burdens which had made her mother's career so full of care. When Winton rushed in, in all the excitement of the scene which he had just gone through in the duke's library, too much disturbed even to tell her what had passed, it was almost her first experience of the darker side of existence. For the first moment he had not been able to keep some resentment and sense of the indignity to which he had been exposed from getting to light. He told her with a pale smile and fiery eyes that he had scarcely time to speak

to her, that he must go instantly, that her father had turned him out. But as Winton came to himself and began to perceive the pain which he was inflicting upon her, he did his best to smooth away the first unguarded outburst. Lady Jane's pallor, the tears which she could not restrain, the serenity of her countenance turned into anguish, all made apparent to him the fact which he had forgotten, that there were to her two sides to the question. He tried to draw in his words, to smooth away what he had said in the first outburst of his resentment. "After all, we must remember it was a great shock to him. I am nobody, only a simple gentleman, not fit to place myself on a level with the duke's daughter," he said, though still with that smile of wounded pride and bitterness about his lips. Lady Jane was too heartbroken to say much; she listened like a martyr at the stake, standing silent while spears and arrows were thrust into her. Her father! he had been tried and he had not borne the trial. What she understood by rank was the highest courtesy, the noblest humbleness. A man who would turn another to the door, who would suffer his guest to perceive under any circumstances that he was not as a prince in his host's eyes, Lady Jane did not understand such a being. It hurt her so deeply that she did not even at first realize the fact that it was her lover who was turned away. She tried to ask a few faltering questions, to make out the circumstances to be less terrible; but failing in this, fell into silence, into such shame and consternation and deep humiliated pain as even Winton scarcely comprehended. No other hand, no other proceeding could have struck such a blow at all the traditions of her life. She sat with her hand indeed in her lover's, but in a kind of miserable separation even from him, feeling her life fall away from her, unable to think or realize what was to happen now; until Winton, recovering from his excitement only to fall into a deeper panic, took renewed fright from her silence. "Jane," he said, "Jane! you don't mean to give me up because your father has turned me away." Lady Jane turned her head towards him, gave him a miserable smile, and pressed his hand faintly, then fell, as perhaps had never happened in her life before, into a passion of tears. He drew her into his arms, as was natural, and she wept on his shoulder, as one refusing to be comforted. It was but vaguely that Winton could even guess the entire upheaval of all her foun-

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dations, the ruin into which her earth had fallen. He thought it was the tragedy of his own love that was the cause, and that with this heartbreaking convulsion she was making up her mind to see it come to an end.

This was the attitude in which the duchess found them. She, too, was pale, her eyes bright, her nostrils dilated, as if she had been in the wars. She found her daughter in this speechless passion of weeping, with Winton's pale countenance very despairing and tragical, yet touched with a livelier alarm, a frightened incomprehension, bending over her. He gave her a look of appeal as she came in; was it true that all was over, as he had said? The duchess went to her child's side and took the hand that lay on her lap and caressed it. "My darling," she said, "this is not a moment to give in; and you are not one to fail in a great crisis, Jane. We have only a very little time to decide what we are to do before Reginald goes away."

She had not called him Reginald before, and there was a faint smile in her eyes as they met his — a smile of forgiveness and motherly kindness, though he had asked no pardon. The sound of her mother's voice broke the spell of Lady Jane's self-abandonment, and it went to Winton's heart with a forlorn sense of happiness in the midst of all the misery, that even her mother exercised a constraint upon her which when alone with him she did not feel. Was it not that he was herself, and that with him nature had free course unabashed? But the scene grew brighter and more hopeful when the duchess came into it. She was not surprised nor overthrown by what had happened. She put back the soft hair from her child's forehead, and gave her a kiss of consolation. "My dearest," she said, "the crisis has come which I knew would come. Reginald must go as soon as it is possible for him to go. It is for you now to say what is to be done. You are of age; you have a right to judge for yourself. When you told me first I warned you what was before you. You have never taken the burden of your life upon you hitherto. Now the moment has come. I will not interfere. I will say nothing; neither will Reginald, if I understand him rightly. You must judge for yourself what you will do."

Winton obeyed her Grace's lead, though with reluctance and a troubled mind. He only partially comprehended what she meant. He would have liked, for his own part, to hold his love fast — to cry out to

her once more, "You will not give me up because your father sends me away?" But he yielded to the duchess's look, though with a grudge, feeling that this was moral compulsion almost as absolute as that with which her husband had turned him out. He rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting with Jane and stood before her, feeling in his hand still the mould of hers which had lain there so long, and which left his, he thought, with reluctance. This proceeding brought her altogether to herself. She looked around her with an almost pitiful surprise. "Am I to be left alone," she said, with a quiver in her lip, "when I need support most?" And then there was a pause. To Jane and to Winton it seemed as if the very wheels of existence were arrested and the world stood still. No one spoke. He was not capable of it; the duchess would not. Lady Jane between, with wet eyelashes, and cheeks still pale with tears, and mouth quivering, her hands clasped in her lap as if clinging to each other since there was nothing else to hold by, sat perfectly still for a moment which seemed an hour. When she spoke at last there was a catch in her voice, and the words came with difficulty, and with little pauses between.

"What is it I am to decide?" she said. "All was decided — when we found out — in town — We cannot separate, he and I — That — can never come into question now. Is it not so? — I may read it wrong — It appears — I have already read something wrong —" And then a spasm came over her face once more; but she got it under control. "What you mean is — about details?" said Lady Jane.

Winton, who had been in so extreme a state of excitement and suspense that he could bear no more, dropped down upon his knees at the side of the sofa on which she sat, and, clasping them, put down his face upon her hands. Lady Jane freed one to put it lightly upon his bowed head, with something of that soft, maternal smile of indulgence of which love has the privilege. "Did he think I was a child?" she said to her mother, with a gentle wonder in her eyes. "Or not honest?" She herself was calm again; steadfast, while the others still trembled, seeing the complications so much less clearly than the fair and open way. She was a little surprised by Winton's broken ecstasies, by her mother's tremulous kiss of approval. "Is there anything left for me to decide?" she said.

Nobody knew very well what was said or done in the agitated half-hour that remained. It was agreed between them that "the details," of which Lady Jane had spoken with a blush, should be arranged afterwards, when all were more cool and masters of themselves — a state to which no one of the little group attained until Winton was hurrying along the country roads towards the station, and Lady Jane and her mother were seated in forlorn quiet alone in that little room which for the last week had been the scene of so many excitements. The duchess rose with a start when the little French clock on the mantelpiece chimed one. "My dearest," she said, "we have many things to do which look like falsehood, we women. You and I must appear at luncheon as if nothing had happened. There must be no red eyes, my love, no abstraction. It will be all over the world in no time, if we do not take care. For myself, alas, I am used to it; but you, Jane —"

Lady Jane did not immediately reply. She said, "There is one thing, mamma, to which I have made up my mind —"

The duchess was examining herself in the glass to see if she was pale or red, or anything different from her ordinary aspect. She turned round to hear what this new determination was.

"I will speak to my father myself," Lady Jane said.

If a cannon had been discharged into the peaceful little boudoir the effect could scarcely have been greater. "You will speak to your father, Jane? There are some things I know better than you. It will wound you, my darling—for no good."

"But I think it is right. There should be no means neglected to make him give his consent. With his consent all would be better. I think I ought to do it. It will be no shock to him now—he knows. To think of him like *that* is the thing that gave me most pain."

"But if you should see him like *that*" — the duchess said; then added hastily, "I know you are right. But you must set your face like a flint; you must not allow yourself to be made unhappy. Jane, your father does not think as I think in many ways. I have tried to keep you from all opposition; but he is old and you are young; you judge differently. You must not think because his point of view is different that he is wrong, even in this case — altogether."

Lady Jane lifted her mild eyes, which were almost stern in their unwavering

sense of right. "I sometimes feel that you think nothing is wrong — altogether," she said.

"Perhaps not," the duchess replied, with a smile and a sigh.

"It seems noble to me that you should think so, but I cannot. My father will not be like *that* to me," she added, with a little sadness. "Do not be afraid, and I will take a little time — not to-day, unless he speaks to me."

"He will not speak to you," said the duchess eagerly. She thought that she had at least secured that.

And then they went to luncheon. A little look of exhaustion about Lady Jane's face, a clear shining in her eyes like the sky after rain, betrayed to some keen-sighted spectators that there had been agitation in the atmosphere. But for a novice unaccustomed to trouble, she bore herself very well. And as for the duchess, she was perfect. Her unruffled mind, her easy grace of greatness, were visible in every movement. What could so great a lady have to trouble her? She was gracious to everybody, and full of suggestions as to what should be done, as the afternoon promised to clear up, proposing expeditions to one place and another. "Mr. Winton would have been an addition to your riding party, but unfortunately he left us this morning," she said in a voice of the most perfect composure. "So that there was nothing in it, after all," little Lady Adela whispered to her mother. But Lady Grandmaison, who was a woman of experience, shook her head.

And next morning Lady Jane, pale, but courageous, with a heart that fluttered, but a purpose as steadfast as her nature, went softly down-stairs in her turn and knocked at the duke's door.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD.

I.

AN order of King Henry VIII.'s Council, bearing date December 2, 1533, nearly three months after the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, runs as follows:—

The King's Highness hath appointed that the Lady Princess Elizabeth shall be conveyed from hence towards Hatfield upon Wednesday the next week, and that on Wednesday night to repose and lie at the house of the Earl of Rutland in Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such Family in household as the King's

Highness has assigned and established for the same.

The early history of Hatfield, with which Elizabeth thus, in the beginning of her life, became connected, must not detain us here, though it is one of those old English manors whose story is quaint and curious. The manor, originally a royal possession, had belonged to the see of Ely from the days of St. Dunstan till the time of Henry VIII., when it again became crown property, and a bishop's palace had all along existed there; but the palace to which Elizabeth was brought was then only half a century old, having been built by Morton, Henry VII.'s great chancellor and archbishop, during his tenancy of the bishopric of Ely from 1478 to 1486. Morton was a great builder. The palaces at Canterbury, at Knowle, the Manor House at Lambeth, the episcopal residences at Maidstone, Addington Park, Ford, and Charing, were all either added to or rebuilt, by him; and it is probable that he was his own architect.

The conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, and the consequent settlement of the country, caused a considerable modification in the palaces and mansions built in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The necessity for a defensive structure was less felt, and though the characteristic style of the castle and fortified house was not entirely abandoned, yet buttress, tower, keep, and embattlements, instead of being enforced by necessity, had become a mere embellishment; and the demands of a generous hospitality, and of extended ideas of comfort, were answered by the introduction of important new features. The quadrangular area came in; halls and state apartments—a withdrawing-room for the guests, a presence chamber, parlors both for winter and summer, and an apartment for ladies—enormous in size by comparison with the past, were now become indispensable. For the accommodation of a large household, a great number of private rooms had to be provided, which, though wofully small and incommodious when measured by modern ideas, contrasted very favorably with those of a previous age.

Hatfield Palace well exhibited these characteristics. It was a quadrangle of two hundred and eighteen feet square, external measurement. Standing on the crest of the hill overlooking the church and town, it had its principal entrance on the east or opposite side, where ran the approach to it from London. Passing

through the east gates, a broad walk divided the inner court, leading up to the still existing West Tower. When the present Hatfield House was built in 1611 by Sir Robert Cecil, three sides of the quadrangle were pulled down, and the west side only now stands. It consists of a double tower flanked by two wings, which formed the banqueting hall of the palace. At the centre of the hall are two doors, the one to the west having been the entrance to the palace from the town, and the other, to the east, gave access to the inner courtyard. At the south end of the hall was the withdrawing-room, and next to it was the chapel, which has now disappeared. At the north end were several living-rooms, and beyond an archway, through which ran a road leading round to the east or principal front of the palace. The ground plan of the whole is still preserved among the Hatfield MSS., and is engraved by Robinson in his "Vitruvius Britannicus." It shows that there was another large apartment, on the west side, facing the garden; the remainder of the rooms, fourteen in number, being of more moderate dimensions.

Defences were abandoned in the palace, but the spirit of the feudal castle remained in its buttresses, towers, and battlements. The exterior West Tower now remaining, with its circular loop-holed staircase, small chambers, with high windows and wide hearths, is a miniature copy of the Norman keep. The building is of brick. The use of brick, which had been employed by the Romans in this country, had been lost till the reign of Richard II., when it was reintroduced, principally for monasteries. By Henry VI.'s time it was gradually displacing timber for dwelling-houses, and stone for castles, churches, religious houses, and palaces; the change of material being largely brought about, in the latter cases, by the change in design which has been traced above.

The first use of brick appears to have been for the gateways and chimneys (luxuries then confined to monasteries and palaces) of stone or flint houses; afterwards, when the body of the building was of brick, stone dressings for the doors and windows were commonly used. In Hatfield Palace the use of these stone dressings was entirely abandoned, and their place supplied by brick. The stucco which had even then come into use for disfiguring brickwork was eschewed by the bishop. As was usual at the time, the

external walls were ornamented here and there with glazed or vitrified bricks, disposed in squares and lozenges.

The banqueting hall, though now used as a stable, is a room whose fine proportions, stained glass windows, and high-pitched, open chestnut roof, springing from fanciful corbels, recall its original purpose. The high-pitched timber-frame roof, "jointed with admirable contrivance," was a feature of the halls of this date. "The boldness of projection, and the beauty of unpainted oak or chestnut, upon a grand scale, never attained to greater excellence than at this time," says Dallaway; and the Hatfield roof is an admirable specimen. The present internal fittings of the hall are of course all modern. The dais at the upper end, with its high table, and the benches and forms for the household and dependants have disappeared. The windows, partly of stained glass, remind us that glass windows were at the time still the luxury of the great.

Some yards west of the north-west corner of the palace stands the gatehouse, which gave admission from the town to the west entrance. This building, including the cottages adjoining, is the only other relic of Bishop Morton's time. The windows, and the ornamentations in vitrified brick here seen, are strictly in keeping with the palace. In the gatehouse, and over the gateway itself, is a room which contained till recently on its smoke-stained walls a curious fresco representing a battle, now, however, all but obliterated. Such painting in fresco on walls was in use from the time of Henry III. to Elizabeth. In Henry VIII.'s reign tapestry, becoming somewhat cheaper, began to be more generally used for the better apartments. It is not improbable, therefore, that this fragment of fresco is but a sample of the decorations of all the ordinary chambers of the old palace.

Baker and Godwin, the chroniclers, both mention the great cost which the bishop bestowed upon the palace and Camden, in his "Britannia," speaks of the beautiful manner in which it was fitted up. It must have been a noted building in its day, both as one of the residences of the powerful churchman, and on its own architectural merits. The monasteries were at this time at the very height of their magnificence, and we may well conclude that the bishop's palaces were no whit behind other ecclesiastical buildings in luxury, display, and splendid hospitality. The bishops' households at Hatfield from Edgar to Henry VIII. no doubt

consisted of monks of the Benedictine order, to which Ely belonged. It must have been with great regret that the villagers saw the last of the jolly brethren pass down the hill when the palace was taken over by Henry VIII. The open-handed charities of the orders had so endeared them to the common people, and so blinded them to their real evils that it was, says a contemporary author, "a pitiful thing to hear the lamentations that the country people made for them." West, too, the last of the Ely bishops who held Hatfield, was noted to have lived "in the greatest splendor of any prelate of his time," and to have relieved two hundred poor people daily at his gate with meat and drink.

At the end of 1533, as we have seen, Elizabeth was sent down to Hatfield, which the king had evidently then decided on acquiring, though the transfer was not made till some months afterwards. In 1534 West died, and Bishop Goodrich was appointed by Henry to the vacant see. Following a time-honored custom, Henry "robbed Peter to pay Paul," and in exchange for Hatfield, conveyed to the bishop other Church lands which had before undergone the same process of "conveyance," in Pistol's sense, at his own hands. A document in the Exchequer Queen's Remembrancer Accounts gives the valuation of the manor at the time of transfer. In it the "fine and ornate mansion, with the many edifices thereto annexed, on the east side of the church," was valued at 2,000*l*.

It is said that the king himself occasionally resided at Hatfield; he assembled the Privy Council there for six days in August, 1541; but his favorite residences were Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor, Eltham, and Woodstock. It was as a nursery for his children that he acquired the palace and manor, as he had done Enfield and Hunsdon. The name was altered for a short time to Hatfield Regis, but retook its old form of Bishop's Hatfield.

Lady Margaret Bryan, the wife of Sir Thomas Bryan, Kt., and afterwards Baroness Bryan, who had been appointed "lady mistress" of the princess Mary shortly after her birth, was now placed in charge of the infant Elizabeth at Hatfield, possibly without entirely relinquishing her connection with Mary, as Mary and Elizabeth were frequently under the same roof until Henry's death. There is a letter extant from Lady Bryan to Lord Cromwell from Hunsdon, written

on behalf of Elizabeth, complaining of the child's being put from "that degree she was afore," and of the scantiness of her wardrobe, "for she hath neither gown nor kettel, nor petecot, nor no maner of linnin;" also that Master Shelton — an officer of the household — will have Elizabeth to dine at the "board of estate," which she herself thinks is not mete for a child of her age, and prejudicial to her health, on account of the divers meats, fruits, and wines, and to her behavior, as there is "no place for correction there." "A mess of meat in her own lodging" is what Lady Bryan proposes. She then speaks of the great pain the child endures in cutting her great teeth, which makes the lady mistress "to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, and her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion, than she is yet," adds the guardian quaintly, "for she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew one in my life."

Hunsdon, near Hoddesdon, Herts, was Mary's usual and favorite residence, Hatfield being Elizabeth's, and Prince Edward dividing his time between Hatfield, Hertford Castle, and Ampthill, Beds. It appears from Mary's Privy Purse Expenses, that she paid a visit to Hatfield in January, 1537, and again in March of the same year. Numerous entries of gifts of jewelry and dresses from one sister to the other appear in this account, which extends from 1536 to 1544, and shows that they were frequently together, at times, indeed, having but one household. Their intercourse, then, as far as can be judged, was most affectionate. The ban under which they were both laid by Henry no doubt helped to draw them together in sympathy. In 1537, when five years old, Elizabeth is recorded to have given Mary a pair of "hosen gold and silk," and in 1540 she presents her brother Edward with "a shyrt of cameryke of her own woorkynge." She was then but eight years old. A glimpse is afforded us of the establishment at Hatfield Palace at this time by the accounts of reparations to the king's palaces in March, April, and May, 1542. The account relating to Hatfield is for "reparations done against my lord prince's grace coming thither," Edward being then in his fifth year. The carpenters were at work at 7*d.* and 8*d.* a day, in making a new bolting-house, and troughs for flour and meal, framing planks for dressers in the "pastry" and larder, and mending the tables

and trestles in the hall, and the "jowpets" in the great chamber. The bricklayers, at 6*d.* a day, made a furnace for the boiling-house, underpinned the new bolting-house, and laid a tiled roof upon it. The plasterers mended the walls of the stables and garner. The glaziers were busy, some few new panes of glass being supplied, but in the majority of cases the old ones were mended. The rooms mentioned are Mr. Controller's lodgings, the lady mistress's lodgings (Lady Bryan, who had been so appointed at Edward's birth), the chapel, the vestry, the high chamberlain's, and Mr. Fey the chamberlain's lodgings, the lodgings of the steward, the clerk of the spicery, and of Lady Lincoln. Finally the orchard was mown, the alleys "pared," and the trees pruned. The account is signed by John Cornwallis, steward, and Richard Cotton, comptroller. Sir John Cornwallis, the steward of Edward's household, was the ancestor of the Earls and Marquises Cornwallis. Richard Cotton, comptroller of his household, was knighted by Edward on his accession. The high chamberlain was Sir William Sydney, the ancestor of the Earls of Leicester, made in 1544 steward of Edward's household. It is probable that the three royal children spent the whole of the summer and autumn of this year, 1542, together at Hatfield, for we find from Mary's Privy Purse Expenses that on going to her father in London in December of this year she made presents to Edward's under officers; Elizabeth's presence also being shown by various entries of gifts to her from Mary. The officers were those of the pantry, the buttery, the cellar, the ewry, the kitchen, the larder, the squyllary (scullery), the chaundry (chandlery), the pastry, the scalding-house, the boiling-house, and the poultry, the marshal and ushers of the hall, the porters at the gate, and the guard of the beds. Presents were also given to the children of the kitchen, the pastry, and the squyllary, and the drawer of the buttery.

During all this time of residence at Hatfield, varied by visits to Hunsdon or Ashridge, Elizabeth was making great progress in her education. Her first governess, or "tutress," was Lady Champenoun, the wife of Sir Philip Champenoun. Ascham mentions the "counsels of this accomplished lady," as having contributed to Elizabeth's advancement in learning, and Bohun describes her "as a person of great worth, who formed this great wit (Elizabeth) from her infancy, and improved her native modesty with

wise counsels, and a liberal and sage advice." She very soon, however, had the advantage of sharing with Edward the instructions of Dr. Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. Letters from Cox upon Church matters, dated at Hatfield, in October, 1546, show that the two royal pupils were together there at that time. Hayward says, with regard to their habits of study, that they "desired to look upon books as soon as the day began. Their first hours were spent in prayers and religious exercises. The rest of the forenoon they were instructed either in language, or some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning; and when Edward was called out to any youthful exercise becoming a child of his age, she in her privy chamber betook herself to her lute or viol, and, wearied with that, to practise her needle." Her progress is attested by her translation in her thirteenth year of Queen Catherine's "Prayers or Meditations" into Latin, French, and Italian, which she inscribed to her father in a dedication dated Hatfield, December 30, 1545.

As to her religious education, the zealous reformer Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had in 1533 or 1534 succeeded Betts as chaplain to Anne Boleyn, with whom he soon rose to great favor, and who, not long before her death, gave him particular charge as to Elizabeth, "that she might not want his pious and wise counsel." Elizabeth was thus early brought into the sphere of the principles of the Reformation. As early as 1535, when Elizabeth was two years old, it is recorded that Parker preached before her at Hunsdon, as in 1540 he did at Hatfield. Outwardly, however, she remained like the other royal children of the religion of her father, Catholicism, without the papal supremacy. A list of Elizabeth's Hatfield household, which appears from internal evidence to have been drawn up some time before Henry's death, is preserved. The ladies attending on her were Lady Troy (Lady Herbert of Troy, a relative of the Pembroke family, who continued with her till after Henry's death), Mistress Chambrini, (Mrs. Catherine Chambrin), the Lady Gard, Elizabeth Candyselye, or Canish (Cavendish), and Mary Norne; the gentlemen were Thomas Torrell, Robert Power, and Richard Sands. Her chaplain was "Sir" Rauffe, who had succeeded Mr. Bingham in that office. There were also two chamberers, two grooms of

the chamber, a laundress, a woodbearer, and grooms. Her establishment and Mary's jointly bore, at one period, the expense of a set of minstrels.

Lady Bryan was succeeded in the office of head of Elizabeth's household by Mrs. Catherine Ashley. She was appointed to this place by Henry, and the relationship thus formed was afterwards knit by the ties of strongest affection, as abundantly appears in the subsequent narrative. Mrs. Ashley was wife to John Ashley, a kinsman of Elizabeth's, and a man of education, commended by Ascham for his knowledge of Italian, and the author of a treatise on horsemanship.

Henry's death and Edward's accession now occurred. Holinshed records that at Henry's death, shortly after the proclamation, the Earl of Hertford, with other of the lords, resorted to Hatfield, where the young king then lay, whence they conducted him with a great and right honorable company to the Tower. Edward's journal, however, names Enfield as the scene of this event. The death of her father brought about several changes to Elizabeth. Mary withdrew herself from the party of the Reformation, which then took the head of affairs, and the intimacy between the sisters was broken. Elizabeth left Hatfield, was placed in the charge of the accomplished queen dowager, Catherine Parr, and went to Chelsea, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley. Dr. Cox, about the same time, ceased his tutorship of Edward, and was succeeded by Sir John Cheke* (whose sister Cecil had married), "a man of great learning, rare eloquence, sound judgment, and grave modesty." Elizabeth had his assistance for a short time in the prosecution of her studies. Sir John Fortescue, afterwards her chancellor, also read Greek with her about this time. She had a resident tutor in the person of William Grindal, who had been bred up under Ascham, and was appointed by Cheke to that office. His relationship to the celebrated Bishop Grindal is not known. He was a young man of great hopes, and highly esteemed by his friend Ascham. He died in Elizabeth's service, of the plague, in January, 1548.

Elizabeth was now, whilst zealously prosecuting her studies, about to take a hard lesson in life. Next to the imminent risk she ran at the time of the Wyatt rebellion, the most dangerous pass of Elizabeth's

* Apostrophized by Milton in his sonnet on "Tetrachordon," and the translator of St. Matthew's Gospel.

abeth's life, as princess, occurred immediately after Edward's accession, in connection with Lord Seymour of Sudeley; and as this episode of her career had its climax and conclusion at Hatfield, and as the principal records concerning it are among the Hatfield MSS., a few notes concerning it may be given.

Lord Seymour of Sudeley, brother of the protector Somerset, and uncle to the king, was a handsome, dashing, gallant, and accomplished man, in the eyes of those with whom it was his object to stand well, and who could help to serve his ambition; but at heart covetous, tyrannical, revengeful, and cruel. His designs, which were many, were rash and daring in the extreme; but his talent for intrigue was only skin-deep, and his want of consistent plan, and of caution, rendered his suppression an easy matter to Somerset.

His first step had been, on the death of Henry VIII., to pay court to, and to marry, Henry's widow, Catherine Parr, an alliance from which he expected to gain both wealth and influence. Catherine, who had no unworthy motive, was, like him, bitterly deceived in the match, and an affecting picture is given by Lady Tyrwhitt, her attendant, wife of Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, and afterwards Elizabeth's governess, of a scene between Catherine and Seymour two days before Catherine's death. Having the lord admiral by the hand, Catherine said, "My Lady Tyrwhitt, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me." Seymour answered, "Why, sweetheart, I would [do] you no hurt;" to which she replied, very sharply and earnestly, "No, my lord, I think so, but you have given me many shrewd taunts." Seymour then tried to calm her, but Lady Tyrwhitt perceived Catherine's trouble to be so great that "her heart would serve her to hear no more." It is chronicled that the queen dowager died "not without suspicion of poison," but there was nothing but common rumor in support of the accusation.

A constant inmate in the household of Catherine and Seymour, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour Place, was, as we have noted, the princess. It would appear that Seymour had cast his eyes upon Elizabeth before his marriage with the queen, and had paid her some court, though she was then but in her fourteenth year. Disappointed at the results of his

marriage with Catherine, he now, with an eye to the future, endeavored to obtain a hold upon Elizabeth. In Mrs. Ashley he found a ready tool for his purposes. Whether she was won over by gold, or promises, or a weak yielding to what she conceived to be her ward's hidden wishes, we do not know. Even during Catherine's lifetime Ashley had, she subsequently confessed, "had commune" with Seymour in St. James's Park as to Elizabeth, expressed to him her regret that he had not married Elizabeth in Henry's time, and mentioned to him rumors that he should yet marry her; to which he said, "Nay, I love not to lose my life for a wife." At this interview Catherine's speedy death appears to have been treated as a certainty.

This was a private meeting of confederates, and of what passed at it Mrs. Ashley no doubt confessed just what she chose, and no more. The public conduct of Seymour towards Elizabeth, however, during the time she was resident under his roof, was marked and extraordinary. Mrs. Ashley's confessions relate a series of familiarities of manner practised by him towards the princess from the very time of his marriage. To what extent these familiarities were attributable to the free manners of the time and how far to Seymour's insolent assurance of possessing the princess's affections, it is difficult to say. They have been described by one historian as "a sort of semi-barbarous feudal flirtation." A perusal of the documents certainly shows that they were displeasing to Elizabeth, who withdrew herself as far as possible from the chance of them; but Seymour as certainly made an impression upon the young girl. It is curious, indeed, that the queen sanctioned these familiarities on several occasions by her presence without remonstrating. Once at Hanworth, Seymour wrestled with Elizabeth, and cut her gown of black cloth into a hundred pieces; and when Ashley chid her, she replied that the queen had held her while the lord admiral did it. Mrs. Ashley, though favoring the lord admiral, appears, according to her own account, to have opened her eyes to the unseemliness of his conduct, to have complained to his servant, John Harrington, and to have remonstrated with him personally. Still the judicious woman was at this very period reminding Elizabeth that if Seymour might have had his own will, he would have had her and not the queen!

In the end, however, Catherine's jeal-

ousy became excited, and Elizabeth left her house abruptly. Mrs. Ashley's version of the incident was that the lord admiral loved Elizabeth too well, that the queen, suspecting his frequent visits, had come suddenly upon them, and found him with Elizabeth in his arms; and that this was the cause of Elizabeth's sudden departure.

Immediately after the queen's death, which took place in September, 1548, Seymour had so far decided on prosecuting his scheme of marrying Elizabeth, as according to common report, to retain in his service the maids who had formerly waited upon his wife, in the hope of speedily giving them Elizabeth as a new mistress. Mrs. Ashley, not to be behind-hand, took the opportunity of urging Elizabeth to write to the admiral to comfort him in his sorrow; but the princess refused, "for it needs not," she said, and "for that I should be thought to woo him."

Seymour sounded some of his friends as to what would be thought if he married "one of the king's sisters," but received poor encouragement. He had other irons in the fire. He had obtained a control over Lady Jane Grey, with the view of marrying her to the king, whom he urged to throw off Somerset's protection. To what lengths his daring would have gone it is impossible to say, but he probably hoped to destroy Somerset, and then, as guardian of Edward and husband of Elizabeth, to hold supreme power in the country.

Elizabeth, on leaving the house of Queen Catherine, removed to Hatfield, still under the guardianship of Mrs. Ashley. To what extent her affections had been gained by Seymour it is difficult to say. The most searching examinations both of herself and her intimate companions could produce no evidence of a consent on her part to his addresses.

Seymour had won to his interests, in addition to Mrs. Ashley, Mary Cheke and John Seymour, two of Elizabeth's attendants, and Thomas Parry, her cofferer or treasurer, who had frequent private conference with the admiral at Seymour Place. Thomas Parry, afterwards Sir Thomas, was of Welsh extraction, and, according to Lodge, was distantly related to Cecil, by whom he may have been introduced into Elizabeth's service. His wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Reed, of Borehall, Bucks, succeeded Lady Troy as attendant on the princess soon after Henry's death. John Ashley was privy

to the whole matter, but warned his wife to take heed, as Elizabeth seemed to bear some affection for Seymour, to be well pleased with him, "and sometime she would blush when he was spoken of;" but Mrs. Ashley never made any secret of her desire for the match, though on the condition, she asseverated, of the Council's consent. Parry appears to have ably seconded her efforts. He, as well as Mrs. Ashley, pressed Elizabeth on the point as to whether she would accept Seymour if the Council agreed. Elizabeth's answers, however, were far beyond her years, and — whatever her feelings might have been, and no doubt there was, as Parry said, "good will between them" — gave evidence of a caution and fear of committing herself thoroughly characteristic. "Would she marry him, if the Council consented?" "When that came to pass she would do as God should put in her mind. Who bade him ask?" "No one, but he gathered the admiral was given that way." "Then it was but his foolish gatherings." "Seymour would now come to woo her." "Though he might want her, the Council would not consent to it."

In addition to these overtures through his agents, Seymour took more public steps. Learning that Elizabeth intended to go to London to see the king, and that she had been disappointed of Durham Place, which she wanted, he wrote, through Parry (who had brought him a letter from Elizabeth in favor of her chaplain, Allen), placing his house and household stuff in London at her disposal; and also sent her word that he would come and see her at Hatfield. These offers, however, rather scared Mrs. Ashley, who was prudent at times, and held the Council and their powers of dismissal and incarceration in great awe; and upon her advice (as she claimed) Elizabeth refused both offers, though according to Parry, she had received the news of the visit "very joyfully and gladly."

Seymour's proceedings, which were probably not much of a secret to Somerset and the Council, at the end of the year, 1548, grew ripe enough for their public attention. Seymour was sent to the Tower on January 17th, 1549, and about the same time "the Lord Great Master (Sir William St. John) and Master Denny," two privy councillors, were sent on a visit of inquiry to Hatfield. Sir Anthony Denny was no stranger to Elizabeth. He was one of her father's executors. She had stayed with him at Cheston

before Queen Catherine's death, and he had married the daughter of Lady Champagnon, Elizabeth's first governess. The consternation caused by their appearance there is noted in subsequent letters. Upon the news that they were at the gate, Parry went hastily to his chamber, and said to his wife, "I would I had never been born; I am undone." The same night the unwelcome commissioners supped with Mrs. Ashley, Parry and his wife, and Lady Fortescue, Parry's niece, and a grim enough meal no doubt they had. After the meal and the withdrawal of the guests, Mrs. Parry looked upon her husband and wept, saying to Mistress Ashley, "Alas! I am afraid lest they will send my husband to the Tower;" but Mrs. Ashley assured her there was no cause. Afterwards Parry sent Mrs. Ashley word that he would be torn in pieces rather than open "that matter." What the matter was, must remain a mystery. She, on her side, forbade him to mention her communications with him on the subject of the lord admiral, for fear, she said, of her husband, who would have been displeased, "as he feared the admiral's plans would come to naught."

No document remains recording the proceedings of the two commissioners, but we find that they were soon after replaced by Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, whose letters indicate that the commissioners had subjected Elizabeth to a preliminary examination. Sir Robert Tyrwhitt of Leighton, Huntingdonshire, was a relative by marriage of Queen Catherine, whose master of the horse he was, after having been esquire of the body to Henry VIII. His wife's connection with Queen Catherine has been mentioned above. The only subsequent notices of him are in connection with his office as one of the lords lieutenant of Huntingdonshire, to which he was appointed in 1551. He died in 1556.

Tyrwhitt's eight letters sent to the protector from Hatfield at the end of January and beginning of February, 1549, are very interesting, not only with regard to the immediate business in hand, but to the glimpses they afford of Elizabeth's character, and the methods of inquiry sanctioned by the protector and Council.

The first letter, dated on January 22nd, shows that Tyrwhitt had recourse to the commencement to artifice and deceit to make Elizabeth confess. He "devised" a letter to Mistress Blanche Parry, from a friend of hers, stating that Mrs. Ashley

—who at the beginning of the inquiry had been discharged from her post—and Parry had both been committed to the Tower. The devised letter probably contained something more than this bare fact, for Mrs. Ashley and Parry had actually been so committed on January 20th. This letter he showed to Elizabeth, who, not doubting its genuineness, but concerned for the fate of her servants, and possibly not without misgivings for herself, was abashed, wept, and endeavored to learn from Lady Brown, another lady then in attendance, whether they had confessed anything. The false letter had the effect of making Elizabeth more communicative than she had been to the two commissioners, and she proceeded to give her version of the admiral's proposal to visit her, and her refusal. Tyrwhitt thereupon began to deal more roundly with her, "required her to consider her honor and the peril that might ensue," reminded her that she was but a subject, declared what a wicked woman Mrs. Ashley was, "with a long circumstance," as he expressed it in his letters, artfully saying that if Elizabeth would confess of herself, all the evil and shame should be ascribed to Mrs. Ashley and Parry, and her own youth considered. But whatever secrets there were, if any, between Elizabeth and her governess and cofferer, she was staunch to them. At the end of his letter detailing his tricks and subterfuges to obtain evidence, Tyrwhitt was obliged to confess his belief that she "would abide more storms" before she would be brought to accuse Mrs. Ashley. In a subsequent letter he expresses his belief that there has been some secret promise between the three "never to confess till death." In spite of Tyrwhitt's cleverness, worthy of a French *juge d'instruction*, Elizabeth would in no way "confess any practice," and yet, he adds, "I do see it in her face that she is guilty."

The next day, January 23, Tyrwhitt attacks his antagonist in a new manner. He has "gently persuaded" with her grace, and "begins to grow with her in credit." He obtains an admission that Parry had mentioned to her the subject of the marriage. "This is a good beginning," he writes, "I trust more will follow." Elizabeth, he finds, "has a good wit, and nothing is gotten off her but by great policy."

Two days after, January 25, Tyrwhitt reports progress. Another stratagem was now in practice. A letter from the pro-

tector to him, written for the purpose, was shown to Elizabeth, "with a great protestation that I would not for a thousand pounds be known of it." Whatever the letter contained, Elizabeth still remained obdurate, and Tyrwhitt has to confess, "I cannot frame her to all points as I would wish it to be." In despair of extracting more and with evident respect for Elizabeth's ability, he casts about for help, and writes that he wishes Lady Brown (who apparently had left) to return to Hatfield as "nobody could do more good to cause her to confess" than she, "nor anybody with better will." Who this useful Lady Brown was is difficult to decide. There was a Lady Jane Browne then living, the wife of Sir Anthony Browne's son, King Henry's master of the horse; but a Lady Brown, the wife of a London judge, is also mentioned.

When Tyrwhitt writes again, on January 28th, three days more had been spent by him in "practising with Elizabeth by all means and policy" — whether with Lady Brown's aid or not we are not informed — to no purpose, perhaps because there was nothing more to be told. The week's questioning and cross-questioning, however, had determined Elizabeth to write direct to the protector. Her letter, which embodies the whole of her admissions, is as follows: —

THE LADY ELIZABETH to the LORD PROTECTOR.

My Lorde, your great Gentilinis, and good wil towarde me, as wel in this thinge, as in other thinges I do understande, for the wiche even as I oughte, so I do give you most humble Thanks. And whereas your Lordshippe will-eth and counselleth me, as a earnest frende, to declare what I knowe in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Master Tirwit I shal most willingly do it. I declared unto him first that after that the Coferar had declared unto me what my Lorde Admiral answered for Alin's matter, and for Diram Place, that it was appointed to be a minte, he tolde me that my Lorde Admiral did offer me his house for my time beinge with the Kinge's Majestie. And further sayd and asked me wether if the counsel did consente that I shulde have my Lord Admiral wether I wolde consente to it or no. I answered that I wolde not tel him what my minde was, and I inquired further of him what he mente to aske me that question or who bad him say so; he answered me and said, no bodey bad him say so, but that he parseved (as he thoght) by my Lorde Admiral's inquiringe wether my patente were sealed or no, and debatinge what he spent in his house, and inquiringe what was spent in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise. And as concerninge Kat.

Aschilye, she never avised me unto it but said alwais (whan any talked of my mariage) that she wolde never have me marye, nether in inglande nor out of inglande, with out the consent of the Kinge's Majestie, your grace's, and the counsel's, and after the Quene was departed whan I asked of her what newes she harde from London, she answered merilye, The say ther that your grace shal have my Lord Admiral, and that he wil come shortly to woue you. And moreover I said unto him that the Coferar sent a letter hither that my Lord said that he wolde come this waye as he went doune the cuntrye, than I bad her write as she thoght best, and bade her shewe it me when she had done, so she write that she thoght it not best for feare of suspicion, and so it went forthe, and my Lord Admiral after he had harde that asked of the Coferar whie he mighte not come as wel to me as to my Sister; and than I desired Kat. Aschilye to write againe (lest my Lorde might thinke that she knewe more in it than he) that she knewe nothinge in it but suspicion. And also I tolde Master Tirwit that to the effect of the matter I never consentid unto any suche thinge without the counsel's consent therunto. And as for Kat. Aschilye or the Coferar the never tolde me that the wolde practise it. Thes be the thinges wiche I bothe declared to Master Tirwit and also wherof my conscience berethe me witnis, wiche I wolde not for al ethely thinges offende in anythinge, for I knowe I have a soule to save as well as other fokes have wherfore I wil above al thinge have respect unto this same. If ther be any more thinges wiche I can remembre I will ether write it my selfe, or cause Maister Tirwit to write it. Maister Tirwit and others have told me that ther goeth rumors abroad wiche be greatly bothe agenste myne honor, and honestie wiche above al other thinkes I estime, wiche be these, that I am in the tower and with childe by my Lord Admiral. My Lord these ar shameful schandlers, for the wiche besides the great desier I have to se the King's Majestie, I shal most hartely desire your Lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination, that I may shewe my selfe there as I am. Written in hast frome Alfelde this 28 of Januarye.

Your assured frende to my litel power,
ELIZABETH.

This letter is written in the beautiful Italian hand which had been taught her by Ascham, the hand in which most of her early letters are written, but which she relinquished in after years, under the pressure of business, for a current hand very difficult to decipher.

From Tyrwhitt's letter to the protector of January 31, we find that the latter answered the above-quoted letter of Elizabeth, who received his instructions "very kindly," but who would acknowledge nothing further "as yet." She still screened

Mrs. Ashley, and denied having ever spoken to her on the admiral's proposals. Then Tyrwhitt proceeds to bear evidence of his own zeal in his task. "If your grace did but know," he says, "of my processions with her, all manner of ways, your grace would not a little marvel that she will no more cough out the matter than she doth." After speaking of her love to Mrs. Ashley, he proceeds to suggest that if the latter "would open any of these things that she is so replenished withal, and that Elizabeth might see some part of it, then I would have good hope to make her cough out the whole."

This hint was not fruitless, as will be seen from his next letter, dated February 5th. After saying that Elizabeth had received very "thankfully" a letter from the protector, he proceeds: "At the reading of Mrs. Ashley's letter she was very much abashed, and half breathless, before she could read it to an end, and knew both Mrs. Ashley's hand, and the confesser's with half a sight, *so that fully she thinketh they have both confessed all they know.*" Immediately after her reading this letter he told her that Mrs. Ashley would utter nothing until she and Parry were brought face to face; that Parry stood fast to all he had written; and that Ashley thereupon called him "false wretch," and said that he had promised "never to confess it to death."

This curious letter, Tyrwhitt's trump card, apparently a confession in general terms signed both by Mrs. Ashley and by Parry, is not extant. The circumstance, however, of Tyrwhitt having expressed a wish to have such a paper to show, coupled with the significant phrase in italics above, points to the grave conclusion that Tyrwhitt and Somerset were capable of "devising" not only letters but also pretended confessions. There is in the State Paper Office a confession by Mrs. Ashley, dated the day previous, February 4th, at the Tower, but this could hardly have been the document referred to, as it is not signed by Parry, and contains nothing involving Elizabeth. It is possible therefore that the document shown was a "device," and the scene between Mrs. Ashley and Parry simply the previously expressed suspicions of Tyrwhitt as to a secret compact put into dramatic form. Elizabeth, however, though shaken for the moment, was equal to the occasion, merely replying to Tyrwhitt that it was a great matter for Parry to promise such a promise and then break it. Tyr-

whitt concludes his letter with an assurance that he will travail to-morrow all he can.

Thus a fortnight after Tyrwhitt's arrival at Hatfield we find the struggle still continuing, he endeavoring by all means fair and foul to obtain from Elizabeth something substantial which, true or untrue, might serve the protector's object by being used as evidence against Seymour; and she, conscious no doubt of youthful indiscretion, but of no guilt, enduring the inquisition with masculine fortitude.

On February 7th, Tyrwhitt sends the results of his further examinations—meagre enough, for Elizabeth will in no way confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practice with Seymour. "They all sing one song," he adds in despair, "and so I think they would not do unless they had set the note before."

Mrs. Ashley had before this, as we have noticed, been removed from Hatfield by the Council. Lady Tyrwhitt, who was a most estimable person, had been appointed to her office, but Elizabeth would not recognize her appointment at all, maintaining that Ashley was her mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the Council should now need to put any more mistresses upon her, and taking the matter so heavily that she "wept all that night, and lowered the next day." The Council on this administered a reprimand to Lady Tyrwhitt for her inability to obtain a recognition, and a remonstrance to Elizabeth in a letter of February 17th.

Tyrwhitt, in reporting to the Council Elizabeth's reception of the above letter, says he perceived she was very loath to have a governor, saying the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor put upon her—she fully hoping to recover her old mistress again. "The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at." "If he were to say his fancy," he writes, no doubt with a vivid recollection of his encounters with her, "it is that it were more meet she should have two governors than one!" His offer of advice to her in the composition of a letter to the protector was scornfully rejected. He adds that she was beginning to droop, because she heard the admiral's houses were dispersed; and she would not hear him discommended, "but is ready to make answer therein, and so she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, where-

unto she was very ready to make answer vehemently."

On the 21st of February, Elizabeth again writes to the protector, answering his complaint that she "seems to stand in her own wit, it being so well assured of her own self," by a dignified assurance that she has told only the truth; expressing her desire to preserve her fair fame in the eyes of the people; and desiring a proclamation to be issued to stop the false rumors about her, which was done.

With this letter the documents on the subject conclude. It is unnecessary here to follow the history of Seymour's speedy execution, and his attempt, in his last hours, if Latimer is to be believed, to sow dissension between Mary and Elizabeth. Somerset's design of obtaining from Elizabeth weighty evidence against his brother signally failed, and the means he took to obtain it cannot be excused. Her affections had undoubtedly been to some extent engaged by the admiral, and she narrowly escaped being made the tool of a reckless schemer. The circumstances demanded investigation, but to none was the inquiry so beneficial as to Elizabeth herself. It developed the girl of fifteen into a woman. The process was short and painful, and painful because short, but she was to be prepared for no ordinary career. Henceforth she was mistress of herself, "standing in her own wit, as being well assured of herself," and armed with that triple mail of circumspection which is the first requisite of the kingly office.

We have seen above that Lady Tyrwhitt was substituted for Mrs. Ashley as head of Elizabeth's household. Lady Tyrwhitt, says Mr. Stevenson, was a good woman, of deep religious convictions. The princess would however by no means reconcile herself to the loss of Mrs. Ashley, to whose gross neglect of duty she owed all these troubles, and on the 7th of March she wrote to the protector, praying the Council to be good to Mrs. Ashley and her husband; saying that she did not favor her "evil doing," but explaining and excusing her conduct, and detailing the pains Mrs. Ashley had been at in bringing her up "in learning and honesty." This letter—too long to quote here—is a most interesting one, and may be read in Ellis's "Letters," 1st series, v. 2, p. 153.

In the end Elizabeth carried her point, and Mrs. Ashley subsequently rejoined her, though at what particular date is uncertain.

R. J. GUNTON.

From The Sunday Magazine.

AT HIS WITS' END.

A STORY OF INVENTION.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE WAS DRIVEN THERE.

"THOU'LL have to do the same as t' rest on us. What call hast thou to set thyself up, a man wi' only his day's wage to look till? To look at thee folk would think thou could pocket-out t' national debt at five minutes' notice."

"Nay, none so, mate. Times has been pretty slack with most on us of late."

"Then what a fool thou must be when a bit o' extra work turns up not to take it."

"Ah!" interjected another dust-be-grimed mechanic, who, with bare and folded arms, was leaning, half-sitting half-standing, against his anvil; "and there's another mouth to fill at your place, old chap, since yesterday, I hear tell."

"Yes—a little lass; the marrer of her mother!" said the man addressed, his teeth gleaming whitely as he smiled. He was a fine-looking fellow—tall, strong, and powerful, with good-humored blue-grey eyes shining under a broad forehead, and relieving by their brightness the plainness of the other features and the weight of the square-cut jaw. He was eating his breakfast of bread and bacon in a primitive fashion, cutting pieces off the very thick sandwich with his pocket-knife, and then, transfixing them on the blade, he speared them into his mouth, and every now and then refreshed himself likewise with a drink from a tin bottle, which was standing on the forge to keep the tea it contained hot.

"Come thou in to-night, Aaron," he continued, looking up at his mate who had last addressed him, "and thou shalt see her. I was thinking happen thou'd stand for her when the missus gets about."

"Well, lad, I've none again' being sponsor to t' little lass. I reckon I sha'n't have so many sins to answer for her but what they may go along wi' my own without making much differ."

"Thou knows thou's nobbut joking. Thou doesn't think that."

"I do though, old chap," answered his friend, nodding his large head covered with red hair vigorously, and then winking aside to their companion, the first speaker.

A shrill whistle rang through the vast place, and in another moment the men

had pocketed their pipes, Aaron and Stephen took up their hammers, Jerry turned to the forge. The thunder of blows, the resounding clang of the struck metal, and the rush and roar of the machinery made the very air of the workshop pulsate and throb with sound. For hours it went on, the sweat poured from Aaron's face, and the muscles rose and fell in great bands across Stephen's shoulders, showing their quick working through his damp shirt. There was no time for speaking now. They worked with a will.

"Though I say it what shouldn't," said Aaron in a short pause, as he straightened himself for a rest, "there's no two chaps in Hanworth's can beat you and me, mate, at a spell of piece-work. Well, half-work is what I can't abide, nor thee neither, mate."

"Right, there, Aaron; so here goes."

And again the regular rhythm of the blows rang out. Once more the whistle sounded. The hum of labor ceased, and the workmen crowded toward the pay-window of the office.

"Now, don't be a fool, lad!" whispered Aaron as his turn and his friend's came. "Thou can't afford scruples just now."

"Can't afford — ay, that's where the shoe pinches," whispered Stephen back.

As each man had his little pile of money pushed towards him and passed on, some were spoken a few words to, and answered, "All right," or, giving a short nod of acquiescence, passed on. Aaron's turn had arrived, and Stephen was close behind him. The clerk hardly raised his head as he said, —

"The anvils must work to-morrow. You'll be here?"

Aaron gave a grunt which might be taken for "Yes," and then Stephen was there.

"You would hear what I said?" asked the cashier.

"Yes. But could not we three work a night instead, till nigh twelve to-night and again from half past twelve on, sir? We'd prefer that."

The clerk turned questioningly towards a gentleman who, sitting in the office with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out, was poising his chair on its back legs and gazing into the fire.

"What am I to say, sir?" asked the cashier.

"Eh! what!" cried the master, letting his chair come down suddenly on the floor and fixing his keen eyes on Stephen. "What does he want?"

"To work over-night, sir, instead of on Sunday. He says his two mates he thinks will be willing to join him too, and he'll make full time."

Not condescending to notice the clerk's explanation, the master, springing to his feet, cried, —

"Come in here, Steve."

And Stephen entered the counting-house cap in hand.

"Now, my lad, what nonsense is this?" demanded Mr. Hanworth. "You know well enough how slack trade has been, and I think you ought to be glad Hanworth's has got the order. It's good for you as well as me."

"So I am, sir, I'm sure."

"And you know it has to be executed to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do you mean to tell me you won't work on Sunday?"

"I'll make it up fully, sir. I know my two mates will come, and we'll give you full satisfaction; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I never have, sir, and I hope you won't ask it now."

"Shut up!" cried Mr. Hanworth angrily. "Do you think I'm going to be preached at by any hand here? Are you going to accommodate me or are you not?"

Stephen stood silent, and then he raised his eyes and looked full in his master's angry face.

That silent look was enough. White to his lips, Mr. Hanworth said slowly, —

"If you won't accommodate me you may go," and then turned his back.

Stephen waited a moment or two and then slowly left the office and passed out into the now empty foundry yard.

In the street he found Aaron lingering.

"Well, lad?"

"I've got the sack!"

Aaron would have said some word of consolation, but, glancing at the sorrow-stricken face beside him, he forbore and left Stephen to walk home alone. As he did so, he did not feel much like a hero! A man may do the right thing, but those know nothing of such struggles who represent that, therefore, peace — nay, joy — will flood his soul. Nothing of the kind. There is only one way into the kingdom, and that way is strewn with thorns, and the thorns pierce the feet which press them; yes, sometimes they wound so deeply that they even *lame*, and it is with hesitating and bleeding footsteps that the traveller presses sorrowfully — it may be regretfully — onward.

Visions of victory fade away, and all that the worn and wearied soul dares to hope for is strength to struggle forward, and, maimed and broken-hearted, to reach some day the goal, and *then* rest.

Stephen, miserable and sad, grew more low-spirited as he neared his home. He did not fear having to listen to reproaches, but he trembled as he thought of the look he would receive. It was with a slow footstep that he entered the cottage and ascended the stairs to the neat room above where wife and child awaited him.

With a bright countenance and shining eyes Mary looked up into her husband's face, and then before he spoke a word she stretched out her white hand and took his fondly.

"Dear lad, sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"A great deal, wife! I've got the sack."

Certainly as he spoke the face he loved so well became downcast. Mary cast a frightened glance towards the little bundle by her side, but the next instant she regained her confidence and said cheerfully,—

"Never mind, you are sure to get on somewhere else. Thou are a first-class hand, Steve, there are plenty more works in this big town beside Hanworth's. Have any more got turned off? Is work slacker?"

"No; it's better, and I'm the only one out."

"Thou the *only* one; tell me all about it, dear Steve."

And then he related his story, and as he spoke his wife's face grew quiet and as settled as his own, and when he concluded with the remark, "It's very hard on you and the little lass, Mary, but what could I do?" she answered, "Nothing but what thou hast done. My Steve would have to grow a different man from what he is, afore he'd put us above his duty to God. Never fear for us, a way will be made; kneel down and pray a bit, lad!"

And when in a few low-murmured, heart-felt sentences her husband had done so, she fell quietly asleep holding his hand in hers. Afraid to disturb her, he sat still thinking of many things, and his thoughts were not sad, for, now the first shock of losing his work at such a critical time was past, he felt convinced he should have little difficulty in getting another place. He knew himself to be a first-rate workman, and that his character as a steady and reliable man stood high and

was pretty well known amongst those to whom on Monday he must apply for employment, and he thought with some satisfaction on the fact that from his apprenticeship he had always remained at Hanworth's. "Yes, I never was a chap for running about. I've never worked anywhere else, and though it's hard to be turned out of the old place, being so long there will help me to a new one." So he sat quietly resting till the gathering twilight rendered all things indistinct, and the fitful glow of the fire threw long, fantastic shadows on the ceiling of the little chamber.

A quiet, restful Sabbath followed, and on Monday morning very early, with a hopeful, cheerful heart, Stephen sallied forth to seek new employment.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HE LOOKED FOR THERE.

MR. HANWORTH usually—as a respectable custom—attended church on Sunday morning. There was a feeling of satisfaction in accompanying his elegant wife and well-dressed children there. He did not think much why he did go, nor when he arrived at church did he think at all about worship or praise. He stood up and sat down in the right places—he did not kneel, of course; so far as the neighbors saw he was sufficiently devout, but if some unknown power had obliged Mr. Hanworth to reveal himself to public gaze, his human fellow-worshippers as well as the "cloud of witnesses" would have known that church time was a time of busy business—a quiet time for speculation, investment, invention, calculation, and plans, anything but devotion to this seemingly correctly religious man.

Mr. Hanworth was "put out" more than he liked to own by Stephen's resolute bearing, and the little incident in his counting-house and the steadfast look in his workman's eyes kept recurring with disagreeable distinctness to his mental vision. Coming out of church he met, as he frequently did, another iron-master; living in the same direction, they usually walked home together, talking various little business matters over. To-day Mr. Hanworth mentioned Stephen's obstinacy.

"Just shows how disobliging those fellows can be; man and boy he's worked about the place for twenty years. Detestable impudence! he's only one of a class. Combination is our only remedy.

"Are you coming to the masters' meeting to-morrow? yes, of course. You'll mention this little circumstance?"

"No, I think not; I don't want to injure the fellow."

"Then I shall. Fine day, isn't it? good-bye."

The next day the "little circumstance" was mentioned, and called forth many indignant and contemptuous comments. Nearly all the gentlemen present were self-made men. And yet amongst no set of aristocratic landowners could more determined counsels of class (*their* class, that is) supremacy be heard. One benevolent old man did dare certainly to remark that this did not seem to him a case of insubordination, but of conscience, and that every man had a right to his Sabbath, but this gentleman was treated with scant attention.

And there the matter was dropped; but not ended, as Stephen found to his cost next day.

All Monday Stephen went from foundry to foundry, but trade had been dull and was just beginning to revive, no new workmen were required, and he met with refusals at all save one place; there he was told a foreman who understood his own particular branch was wanted, but the master was engaged out at a meeting, and he might call next day. When he did call he found *he* was not wanted.

So a bitter time of trial began; for three long weeks Stephen wandered about constantly asking for work. When he had penetrated into every workshop and foundry-yard in the vast town where he had been born and always had lived, and met invariably with disappointment, he began by his wife's advice to travel to the neighboring smaller towns.

Frequently he walked very long distances on vague rumors of employment, which always turned out to be false, for the iron trade, which was beginning to revive in the great town, was still stagnant in the outlying districts. Constant refusals crushed even his brave and trustful spirit, and he went now, at the end of a fortnight, on his daily search with so despondent an air that misfortune seemed to accompany him and cling naturally to his side.

Stephen tried each evening as he neared his house to put on the cheerful air he did not feel, and enter his home briskly, but one look at Mary's anxious face and large, questioning eyes, and all his sham brightness vanished.

The couple had only been able, on ac-

count of the long bad times, to make but a very small provision against a rainy day. A sick sister — a widow — had needed and received help to the utmost of their power, and many unusual expenses had come to be paid during the last month, so the little savings had dwindled rapidly away, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that Stephen, on the Monday in this the third week, was obliged to go to the savings bank and withdraw their last pound.

Through all the years which have passed since then Stephen looks back upon that week as the most miserable of his life, and sometimes even now he wonders how he got through it, and owns with humble gratitude that nothing short of the sustaining hand of his God and the patient, uncomplaining, cheerful love of his wife prevented him from utterly despairing.

He had been everywhere! He knew the uselessness of applying where he had been already refused, and yet it was intolerable to remain in the house doing nothing but watch, as he could not help watching, his pale, feeble wife and the helpless little baby. Out in the streets there seemed more room to move. He avoided the hours when he should meet his fellow-workmen returning from that employment to gain a share in which would have been the greatest earthly happiness to himself. He wandered about fighting a sore battle. Few persons passing the man in the street in his unused working-dress, and with that look of misfortune hanging like a mist about him, would have given him credit for being a hero, and little did he feel like one himself. And yet each night as he knelt and prayed for that daily bread which seemed so long in coming, he also offered a thanksgiving for having passed one more day without having yielded to sin, for every waking hour of the day had been passed in fighting temptation. A voice had been constantly urging him, with sometimes such terrible vehemence that it seemed as though no denial was possible, —

"Go to Mr. Hanworth, say you are sorry and you will work on Sunday when he finds it needful. He will take you back. The wages are good, and Mary and the child will be provided for. Go at once; here you are just passing the gates."

"No, no! not even for them. Lord, help me to be true to thee, and to do what I'm sure is right," he would cry in his

heart; and then with hurrying feet would hasten past the well-known walls.

Saturday night came. There was a question Stephen must ask, and he tried twice or thrice to say the words before they would form the very simple sentence.

"Have we any money left, Mary? I know you've had coals to get."

"A shilling, dear lad; but don't be low-hearted; we've three big loaves and a bit of cheese and some tea and sugar—enough to put us over Monday. Keep up thy heart, Stephen; our Lord's sure to make a way for us."

Stephen groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

So the third week ended.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

ANOTHER Sabbath had come round, and perhaps, of all the sorrow-laden souls in the great congregation assembled in the time and smoke blackened old parish church, none carried a heavier heart than the working man who knelt with bowed head and passionately clasped hands in the shadow of the farthest pillar.

Stephen was sitting silently by the fire that afternoon, and Mary, singing a hymn, was trying to quiet the child to sleep as she rocked it to and fro in her arms, when the door opened and Aaron came in.

"Well, old chap, are you getting on middling?"

"No, not at all; I can't get a chance to go to work."

"Ay, but that's bad! You see, Steve, it's gotten out why Hanworth sacked thee. Have you tried old Mr. Wilson? He's of thy own way of thinking."

"Ay, and I should have got a job, maybe; but they've not work for their own old hands."

"I'm sorry for you, Steve. I've wished many a time since I'd been man enough to do t' same. All these three Sundays I've been fair miserable, and I've thought such a sight of thee. I thought to mysen to-day, directly I've got washed I'll go on and see Steve."

"Have you been working every Sunday sin'?"

"Ay, that we hev; and now, whenever it suits Hanworth, we shall have to do it again. He comes down for an hour in t' afternoon, looking so clean, and with a flower in his coat. It fair rouses me. But what is a chap to do?"

"Obey God, rather than man." Ste-

phen said the words sadly, and as though speaking to himself.

"Ah, it's well enough for thee," Aaron began, and then he stopped suddenly, for he caught sight of Mary's face, and her eyes were full of tears. She rose hastily, and began nervously moving about. Stephen looked up also.

"You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup of tea with us? We can yet afford to give a friend that."

"Yes, do, Aaron," echoed Mary. "Here, Steve, hold baby, will you? while I get it ready."

Stephen took the little creature carefully—he was not much used to holding babies—in his arms; but he had hardly received his little daughter when she set up a pitiful cry. He rocked himself backwards and forwards, holding the baby closely to him, and trying to hush it; but in vain; the more he rocked the more she cried.

Mary, who had gone into the cellar to fetch the bread, ran hastily up.

"What ever's the matter?" said Stephen, turning helplessly towards his wife. "I never heard it go on like this afore."

"You've run a pin into it! Here, give me hold of her; I'll soon put it straight."

The baby ceased to cry, and remained quite happy on her father's knees till the poor meal was spread. Then, though Mary and Aaron talked cheerfully together, Stephen became quite silent, and when tea was over, and they drew their chairs around the hearth, his thoughtful gaze turned to his little child, peacefully slumbering in her wooden cradle, and he became absorbed apparently in contemplating her small face. Suddenly he exclaimed,—

"Yes, that's how it could be done."

"What done?"

"Why, I know how I could make a pin that wouldn't hurt."

"Then do it, lad," cried Aaron. "Lots of t' women folk would buy them; ay! and men too, for naught drives a man out of himsen like a crying barn."

"But I can't do it."

"For why?"

"Because our money's done, and we've naught even to buy pin-wire."

"Here, I lend thee it. Will ten shillings fit thee?"

"Ay, five shillings will, and plenty too; and thank you, mate."

"Nay, take ten shillings; you're kindly welcome."

After that a cloud seemed lifted from the party, and when Aaron left at nine

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o'clock, after again partaking of bread and cheese, he thought, as he strolled home, he had seldom spent so happy an evening, and found himself wishing he had a wife too, and home of his own.

The early dawn was hardly flushing the sky above the crowded roofs when Stephen the next day awoke, and he was the earliest customer the wire-seller had that morning.

Very diligently and happily he worked. Mary even heard him whistling and singing at intervals; and before dinner-time he called her.

"Wife, come hither; here are some pins finished. You must have the first, my joy."

And he held out towards her half a handful of the now universally known "safety pins."

"Will they do?" Stephen added rather anxiously.

She looked at them, this first judge of his invention, examining them minutely, and then cried, —

"Do? Yes, grandly!" She hastily laid them down and turned to the cradle, and without any apparent reason picked up therefrom the baby, covering its tiny face with kisses. "My little barn, my lamb! I sadly feared for thee; but father can keep us both now." And the mother burst into tears.

"Why, Mary, what hast thou been thinking of?"

"That I must get mother to take the little one, and go back to service till times mended."

"I thought, wife, we promised for better or worse. We must always stick together."

She looked pitifully up into his kind face.

"But, Steve, soon there would have been no other way, though it would have been the very *worst* that could have come. We are bound to be honest thou knows, lad."

"Thank God!" reverently responded her husband, "he has not let us be tried above what we *could* stand. As long as he spares *thee* everything else I can bide to lose."

But henceforward it was no tale of loss that their lives told. Two days later, with a workbox of his wife's filled with various sizes of the new pin, Stephen sallied forth and visited some of the largest drapers' shops in the town. He returned in two hours with a handful of silver and an empty box, and set to work at making more; and, although Aaron joined him the

following week, the demand could not be met.

Safety pins became the rage, and Stephen soon had no difficulty in obtaining money to patent his invention, nor in opening a small manufactory, which presently grew to such large dimensions that Aaron finds the salary he receives as manager a very comfortable provision indeed for the wife and little children he has now the honor of supporting.

Stephen is able to surround his Mary with every indulgence even his warm love can wish to supply her with, and perhaps the reason why he remains so unassuming and humble a man, though now a rich one, is found in the fact that he acutely feels all his prosperity has come to him — a most unexpected gift — from following resolutely the will of God. It was because he was at his wits' end for bread that he was led to think out and find what proved to be a blessing both to himself and family and to tens of thousands of mothers and their babes. God's ways are sometimes rough, but they always lead to what is bright and good.

We need hardly add Sunday labor is unknown at the "Safety-pin Works."

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE,"

CHAPTER XII.

(continued.)

ALLUDING to something which she was to do — in the conversation which ensued that evening in the public gardens — Robin said, —

"But we shall have to draw in our horns when you are gone: we couldn't afford to do by ourselves what we have done while you have been with us."

"Afford!" said Christopher reprovingly; "why do you pain me by making me repeat the same thing again and again to you, Robin? What good is there in calling myself your brother, if you will not give me the privileges of one?"

Either his tone or manner seemed to trouble her; she shot a quick glance at him.

"Give!" she said with a half smile and shake of her head, "you have done nothing else but give from the first minute we saw you. I don't know how we shall ever repay you, Christopher."

"By consenting to come to England, you could."

And give up Jack forever! That was what her sigh meant.

"It's not possible?" he asked anxiously, looking at her; "you wouldn't like it?" The little sigh had not escaped his ear.

"Oh, I don't think I should mind. The only question is, how would our fathers agree?"

With the knowledge he had of Mr. Veriker's health, Christopher hardly knew what to reply. Mr. Blunt had at all times an ungovernable temper, and he regarded it a privilege of his prosperity that he was not called upon to restrain himself for any one. At any moment an outburst of passion might be fatal to Mr. Veriker; and the two men together, how soon cause might be given for that to come, no one who knew them both could say.

"Agree?" he said as if he had been considering the matter, "perhaps better now that they are both older."

Robin smiled.

"I don't know that — age seldom improves tempers, I fancy."

"I am sure you would get on with my father," Christopher began.

"You think so — I wonder, should I?"

"Yes, I am sure you would, and with everybody about too, and that is why he wants to know the neighbors better than we do."

"Would there be girls among the neighbors to know?"

"Some there are."

"Nice girls?"

"I think so."

"Pretty?"

"I believe they are thought so."

"Haven't you seen them, then?"

"Many times I've seen them."

"And yet don't know what they are to look at, whether they are pretty or not." Robin laughed softly — "When they ask you about me, Christopher, what are you going to say?"

"They won't ask me," he stammered.

Oh! if she could but read his thoughts, and learn from them what he wanted to say.

"But your father will ask you?"

"I have your photograph to show."

"And you think that does me justice?" and the look of mischief she turned on him was beyond the art of photography to portray. "Oh, Christopher, you are not given to flattery, that I must say."

"Would you like me to flatter you?" he managed to ask.

"No, I should like you to tell me the truth," and she smiled saucily.

"The truth, Robin," he said, and his voice almost died away.

Was it the return of that vague fear which made her interrupt him, and quickly cry, —

"But I am wasting our last evening in nonsense, forgetting how far away this time to-morrow you will be, and the hundred things I shall remember then that I have forgotten to say to you now."

"Never mind," and Christopher drew a long breath, "what you forget" — his decision was taken: he wouldn't risk a longer stay — "if you will keep your promise not to forget me."

CHAPTER XIII.

"The lucky have whole days, which still they choose; Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose."

MR. VERIKER was the victim of two states of feeling. When he was tolerably well, and the chances seemed remote as to when it might occur, he could — to any one but Robin — talk of his death as probably near. The instant any cause brought back symptoms he had been told to fear, and though his life had depended on it, he could not have approached the subject, the very thought that any one about him suspected his dread, was sufficient to aggravate his pain and distress his breathing. Unconsciously the promptings of many things he had to say to Christopher, was the supposition that they might never meet again, and the continued repetition of the thought became oppressive to him — it acted on his nerves and made them sensitive and irritable.

While Robin and Christopher were absent at the gardens, he had been annoyed by some trifling incident which had gone wrong in the hotel. At another time he would have passed it over, now he believed it had been done purposely to aggravate him. He tried to make light of it on their return, and Robin, skilled in the art of soothing disaster, hoped when they set off to dine that he had got over it. The dinner — as is often the case when no one feels particularly cheerful, and every one is bent on seeming so — was rather a dull affair. Another party had secured Erasmo, and the waiter they had was a fresh man who did not know anything about them; the dishes were ill-made, had been kept waiting; the wine, "nothing like what they had usually," did not go well with them. Like most brilliant, fascinating people, when Mr. Veri-

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ker was disposed to find fault, nothing satisfied him.

"I don't think he is well," said Robin in an undertone to Christopher. They had finished their dinner and were crossing over to Florian's for coffee and ices. "You ask him how he feels, he does not like me to notice him."

"Feel all right?" said Christopher with pointed inquiry — they had found a table and were waiting for chairs.

"Right!" — Mr. Veriker's tone implied what in heaven's name should make any one ask him if he felt right — "as a trivet," he said, "that is, as right as any one can feel who has had to eat the most abominable dinner ever served to mortal man. Whew!" he said in a voice which scared the very senses out of a flower-girl, and an urchin with matches who had come up close, in prospect of a customer, "I should like to have on the end of a fork the heart of the wretch who cooked it."

"Papa, you have scarified those two poor creatures. Hist! hist! come here," she called in Italian. "Christopher, buy something of them — I'll pick you out a button-hole. Which do you like, pink or red? Oh! here's some orange-blossom — you'll have that, won't you?"

"What does it mean?" Christopher asked.

"Oh, nothing that you need be afraid of; on the contrary, you will be quite safe forever from me; you never marry the person to whom you give orange-blossom."

She had taken hold of his coat, the little bouquet was in her hand; Christopher snatched it from her and threw it again into the basket.

"Give me a pink one," he said, "that oleander will do."

"And not the orange-blossom? Oh, well I will have it myself then."

"I won't pay for it if you do."

"How disgustingly mean of you! Papa, give me some money, I haven't any, and Christopher won't buy a bouquet for me."

"I haven't got any," said Mr. Veriker — "since Christopher has been with us I haven't carried any, on principle."

Robin turned and said something in Italian to the girl.

"She'll trust me, she says."

"All right," replied Christopher, "let her; I don't care how you get it as long as you can't say I gave it to you."

This little episode, which at another time would have provoked Mr. Veriker's

good-humor only now increased his discontent.

"What is the good," he thought, "of his plucking up courage now? that's the sort of thing he ought to have begun a week ago, not have waited until just as he is on the verge of starting. I'm sure he has had opportunities enough, but he has made nothing of them. If that had been Jack now — pshaw!" Mr. Veriker's imagination failed him to think to what point under similar circumstances Jack would have reached by this time. Since the departure of that letter his regrets for the friend he had cast himself off from had been never-ending. With no hope of their meeting again, Jack had been exalted to a height of perfection he had never attained before; and whenever — and of late he had very frequently done so — he compared him with Christopher, Mr. Veriker was disposed to consider that in his daughter's interest he had made himself a martyr.

"We none of us want to be late to-night, do we?" said Robin, interrupting this reverie of her father's.

"I don't," he said, "but I suppose you and Christopher will want to go off presently and have your stroll by the water. Hist!" he called to a man in the distance with newspapers, "which of those fellows is it, can you see, Robin? Not that it much matters. I don't expect one of them has got a *Figaro*."

"If not, we'll go and try and get you one."

"Rubbish, child, get me one! if I can't have the *Figaro*, I shall do well enough with something else. Be off, the two of you, and have your walk, and then there'll be some chance of getting home in decent time to-night."

Robin looked at him uneasily; all the old signs of worry had come back: he sighed, stretched himself out, altered his position restlessly, pushed back anything that happened to be near, moved his chair if people came close to him.

"We're not thinking of going to-night," she began. "Christopher and I have said all we want to say to each other. We want to be all three together for the last time, don't we, Christopher?"

"Yes," said Christopher.

Oppressed, perhaps, by the compliment paid him, Mr. Veriker suddenly shifted himself on his seat, a chair near him lost its balance, and in its fall knocked against the arm of a waiter, who attending to anything but the tray of glasses he carelessly held, down they went with a clatter which

made everybody near jump up, thus affording an opportunity for Mr. Veriker to rid himself of the burst of expletives that were boiling over against Christopher.

This threatening of the old trouble which for more than a month now had seemed gone forever, had brought back all his anxiety about Robin's future. He wanted to feel assured that it was securely settled, and he was seized on by the idea that this would be done if Christopher spoke to her. In a conversation of a few nights before, the subject had been lightly touched on between them; but at that time Mr. Veriker, in capital spirits — after a pleasant day and an excellent dinner — saw no reason to hurry matters. Young girls, he said — generalizing — seldom knew their own minds, and often it was not until they missed a man that it ever occurred to them how much they had cared for him. He did not know that one succeeded any the better for being too pressing in such cases. His advice would be, leave a little for absence to do — that and time work wonders.

Even to Mr. Veriker, Christopher had not in plain words admitted the feeling he was inspired with for Robin — but yielding to the encouragement to confidence, and assured of the knowledge he possessed, he had permitted himself to find an outlet in those vague discussions which, without naming, bear reference to our individual affections. With all his art and tact it was impossible for Mr. Veriker to assume sympathy with feelings he knew nothing of, and it therefore frequently happened that at the very moment when Christopher was about to make a clean breast of his love, a word, a doubtful joke, a past experience would make him draw back his confidence and lock it tight up again.

On this last evening, however, he had made up his mind to speak more openly. One reason for his previous silence had been the fear of Mr. Veriker's making inopportune allusions to his state of feeling; his departure would render this impossible, therefore he might reasonably tell him of that hope he nourished of making Robin at some future time care for him. It would be an opportunity to convince him of the interest he had in her, and a pledge of assurance that in case her father was taken from her she would still have a protector left. Christopher was much occupied with all he meant to say, — the matter of his speech and how he should best arrange his words made him thought-

ful and absent. That he was able to keep under that pain of parting and to think of others rather than himself, was but in keeping with his character. Robin, more than usually anxious, spoke only by fits and starts, the wrong twist which everything that evening had taken seemed to have upset her.

Mr. Veriker seizing on any occasion to find fault declared, rising, that he couldn't stand the two of them any longer. "Mutes at a funeral would be cheerful to you," he said; "we'd best go in — another hour of this sort of thing," and he gave a most obtrusive shiver, "would make me ready to throw myself into the canal yonder."

Robin jumped up; Christopher followed. "You're anxious, I'm afraid," he said softly.

"A little — I was hoping it was all past and gone — he seemed so much better."

"So I hope he will be again to-morrow."

"I am so sorry you are going, Christopher." Because she was speaking in a whisper, to emphasize her words, she stretched out her hand towards him. He took it — the little warm palm lay next to his: why should he not carry it to his lips and cover it with kisses — kisses that must surely tell her what he was longing to utter. No, no; there were so many people about, near enough to see, and close enough to listen to them — it would never do — so he only tightened his hold of her hand as he said bending down, —

"Sorry are you, Robin — tell me — why?"

"Because he has been so well ever since you came here," she answered simply.

Did the girl guess the pain she was giving? Was it the desire to wound which made her answer so?

Love is very cruel to love, and the heart which has given itself to another is often hedged about by thorns ready to make all who come too near bleed and suffer.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Like our shadows
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines."

THE next day Christopher left Venice. He started at an early hour before the morning haze had cleared away, and by the time the train reached the end of that long bridge which crosses the Lagune, every trace of the city behind him had vanished.

Fortunately, as he considered it, he had the carriage to himself and could move about as he pleased, and do as he liked without disturbing any one. He had said good-bye to Mr. Veriker at the hotel, had parted with Robin at the railway station; and as the line of towers and spires on which his eyes remained fixed became faint, obscure, and now blotted out altogether, he asked was it all a dream, a vision that had passed away and was over? Should he wake up presently to find himself the Christopher he had been—aimless, purposeless, with no settled interest in life—the round man in the square hole? No, thank God! that was not likely; whatever might come of this visit, and the presentiment was strong in him that the result would be more of pain than of pleasure, it had had the effect of lifting him out of himself—had tried his strength, tested his capabilities, made him know what he could do, and alas! feel how much he could suffer.

There had been very few words exchanged between him and Robin that morning, and certainly not a whisper of love had passed between them, and yet Christopher felt she was nearer to him, that in some way she had herself drawn closer. Would the words Mr. Veriker had said come to pass? Was it true that sometimes not until the hour of parting was love discovered? Christopher would not cheat himself so far as that, but the tremulous allusions to good-byes, the regretful eyes that looked farewell, lit up within his breast the torch of hope.

"In time, in time," a voice within went singing. Nurtured by tenderness, strengthened by devotion, might not the tiny germ spread out into fair blossom yet? Christopher's heart swelled at the bare supposition—the craving for love had grown so strong in him that he caught at and clung to each straw of promise, finding great comfort in the fact of Robin's youth, her jesting talk and utter disbelief in love, and in all that was advanced in proof of man's devotion. That showed—so Christopher argued—that her heart was yet untouched: she could not jest at scars if she had felt a wound, and in all the conversations he had had with her and her father, there had never been a mention made of any one whom by any possibility he could turn into a rival. Mr. Veriker—as well as Robin—had been very frank in all he had told him about their past life, describing, with that happy knack he had, their surroundings and associates, so that for the time Chris-

topher saw both the places and the people.

It had so happened that during the journey to the railway station, notwithstanding it was his last morning with Robin, at least for some time—and how often for some time means forever!—Christopher's thoughts ran mostly on Mr. Veriker. Perhaps Robin guessed as much, for, unlike her usual self—pouring out hopes and fears—she sat either silent or making some passing remark, but without an allusion to her father, and yet she had seen him, had gone up to his room to ask if he was not coming down to say good-bye to Christopher, as the night before he had announced he meant to do.

On the previous evening when they got back to the hotel, Christopher was prepared for some final communications which they had long spoken of having; but though to afford the opportunity Robin left them undisturbed, Mr. Veriker had apparently nothing to say: at least, he said nothing, until Christopher broached the conversation, when suddenly jumping up, he declared he must go at once off to bed—he was tired out, could not talk then if the whole universe depended on it. "Yes, yes," he knew, he hadn't forgotten what he wanted to say, but it must be said to-morrow, he'd get up early, and see Christopher off; there would be time enough before he started for both of them to have a talk, and say all they wanted to say to each other. So in expectation of his making his appearance, Christopher had tranquilly waited, until the hour for departure drew so dangerously near that Robin volunteered to run up to her father's room, and see if she could not hurry his movements.

"Christopher!" she called, "Christopher! you are to come up here: he is not going to the station, he is not well this morning."

Conversant by this time with the self-indulgent habits of Mr. Veriker, and his rooted dislike to early rising, Christopher was beginning to twit him, when at sight of the altered face, pinched and pain-drawn, he stopped. Since the first dawn of early day, when—awakening from unrefreshing sleep—Mr. Veriker had remembered that Christopher was going, he had been screwing up courage to send for him. Now that he had put it off until there was but a moment or so to spare, he could only feebly grasp the hand put into his without having strength to utter

a word, but the look he gave! oh, how it haunted Christopher — he could not rid himself of it, it seemed to come between him and everything he turned his eyes upon; and if for a moment his thoughts went off elsewhere, the memory of that drawn face and those despairing eyes beckoned them back, and stirred him with new regrets.

It was quite a relief to him that Robin did not question him, and that when he came down they had to hurry off to the steps, making no remark to each other but such as related to the things he had to carry and how pressed he was for time. He hardly dared look at her, fearing she should discover the trouble in his face — trouble which sprang from reproach, that he had made so little of his opportunities in trying to influence the poor fellow he had just left.

To a serious, contemplative mind like Christopher's, there had always been something very terrible in the flippancy displayed by Mr. Veriker regarding his state — to be judged leniently because he could but acknowledge the magic that that gay humor exercised upon himself, so completely carrying him away that at moments when he had resolved to be most earnest his gravest thoughts had been swept off in its whirlwind of fun and frolic.

Up to the previous evening he had hardly realized that a frown could abide on that smiling face, or that ill-temper could more than brush past that careless, genial disposition. Now — this morning — another door had been unlocked for him, and without a word of warning the skeleton which hitherto Mr. Veriker had hidden out of sight had been shown to him.

There were no doubts now in Christopher's mind as to the reasons which had prompted that first letter — it had not only been written by a dying man but by a man who knew that he was dying; and recalling the jests made over doctors' mistakes, the laughter indulged in at their cautions and croaking, Christopher was filled with unutterable sadness, for he saw plainly now that all this talk was but a subterfuge to conceal the dread reality.

"Can it have anything to do with your going away?" Robin said abruptly.

They had reached the station, she and Christopher were standing on the platform together, and his thoughts had trav-

elled back to the short time since, when on that very spot the two had stood side by side, strangers to one another.

He looked at her questioningly, his ear had not quite caught what she said — they had not been speaking of Mr. Veriker.

"You thought he looked ill, didn't you, this morning?"

"I did not think he seemed at all well last night," Christopher answered evasively.

Robin took hold of his hand and held it tightly in her own; she said nothing, but her face, half averted from Christopher, told him the distress she was controlling.

"But you know," he said soothingly, "that I am very often ill myself."

"Yes?" and she drew nearer, as if finding sympathy.

"Don't you remember my telling you that at home for weeks together, at times, I am not well?"

"And yet you get all right again?"

"As you see."

A smile came into her face.

"Oh, Christopher!" and in the sigh she gave she seemed to find relief, "why must you go? Why can't you stay?"

"Ah!" he said, getting into the carriage, for the train was on the point of starting, and, like many another one, just as he was going he felt his courage come, "if I could but think you felt half as sorry to part with me, as I do to say good-bye to you."

Was it fear of the carriage moving that made her suddenly draw back? Perhaps having to raise it gave her voice that altered tone.

"I don't take it as good-bye," she said, "but as *au revoir*."

"What does that mean, that you are coming to us, or am I to return to you?"

"Which would you like?"

"Either — both — anything — everything — that would keep me with you."

The desire to say the words, and the fear of saying them — for it seemed as if his meaning must be heard in each syllable — made everything before Christopher's eyes dance to and fro; the carriage gave a jerk which sent him forward and back, there was a shrill whistle which made him start up to exchange one more look with Robin, and they were off — the train was moving, he had lost sight of her, and very soon strain to the utmost his eyes — as he did — they no longer saw anything that could be called Venice.

CHAPTER XV.

"Did the man enjoy
In after-life the visions of the boy?"

MR. BLUNT had proposed that his son should diversify his journey back from Venice, instead of which, Christopher had written to say he was coming home direct. A telegram from Paris would announce the day and hour of his arrival.

Now that he had left the Verikers, he was all anxiety to see his father, and accustomed to reproach himself with want of tact in his usual management of him, most of his thoughts ran on how he could act so as best to serve his friends.

Unfortunately for Christopher he had to struggle against a terribly sensitive nature, of which his father had never been able to form the slightest comprehension. Blessed with robust health and great bodily strength, that inherent delicacy of constitution which gave his son nerves and a dozen unexplained ailments, was a mystery to Mr. Blunt; one which he tried to solve by every remedy in which he had any curing faith. "Let him get up and eat a good breakfast" — "Take a ten-mile walk" — "Put a bottle of good wine into him," these were Mr. Blunt's prescriptions, and after more than twenty years of failure, he still went on repeating them.

With the one exception of his late wife, to whom he had most discovered his feelings, not a living soul had an idea of the sort of idolatry in which Mr. Blunt held Christopher — not *that* Christopher, with whom as an individual he had no sympathy, felt no companionship, had not a taste in common — but that fruit of his body who bore his name and would inherit his money. Why, it was to make him a gentleman that he had toiled and labored — on his account that he lived hedged in by surroundings from which he drew neither comfort nor enjoyment.

While Mrs. Blunt had lived, her good sense and influence had prevented the outburst of display in which her husband had since indulged. Sensible of his social defects, she had taken care to arrange their household with a due regard to hide them; but another rule had sway now, and Mr. Blunt sat at his meals in solemn state, with a magnificent footman behind his chair, and the eye of a solemn butler fixed on him.

What a curse to many a self-made man are those small niceties of behavior, so difficult of practice to those who have not been early trained in them! That "Oh, beg pardon, sir, thought perhaps I hadn't

placed you a fork" was sufficient, feeling his knife was in his mouth, to upset Mr. Blunt's appetite for the most tempting dishes; "This glass, sir — for hock, sir," and the wine had no more flavor than water.

Why didn't Christopher get married? That was what Mr. Blunt wanted, then he could come and go when he liked, have a home in the country and a little place in London, where with a few companions of bygone days he could eat as he pleased, drink as he liked, talk, make merry, cut jokes, and enjoy himself. But to get married, you must go out and seek a wife, for though persuaded, as he was, that not a girl in Wadpole or the country round but would snap at being Mrs. Christopher Blunt, his son's wife, yet it was expecting too much that in the first instance they should all come running after him. "We want somebody here to look after us," he would say, if at any time chance brought a young lady in his way.

"I'm not speaking for myself, I'm too old to try a number three, but my son Christopher, there" — and he would look at his son, thinking he had made an opportunity for him; but Christopher would take no notice, and worse still, he would take no notice of the lady.

"I don't know what's come to young chaps nowadays," Mr. Blunt had said. "You haven't none o' you got what I call the making of men about you — don't think of sweet-heartin', nor nothing o' that kind, it seems to me."

"Oh, there's time enough for me yet," Christopher would reply pacifically.

"Time enough for you! and what about me I should like to know; ain't I to see those that's coming after me? It don't seem so very much for a father to ask of his son to take a wife, so that he may have his grandchildren round about his knee."

That was Mr. Blunt's desire, the wish which had taken possession of his life, to see his grandchildren — to be able to look beyond Christopher and make sure that, come what might, there would be those belonging to him to have what he must leave behind. The knowledge that his son was delicate — although to himself he refused to admit that such was the case — but added to his anxiety, and a chief motive in letting him go to see Mr. Veriker had been that it would shake him up a bit, take him out of leading-strings, make him more of a man than he was now. Mr. Blunt could better have excused a life of excess than the one of

unostentatious retirement towards which Christopher was disposed.

Between father and son a constant struggle went on—the one pushing forward, the other as resolutely holding back.

Mr. Blunt would have had Christopher attend every ball and meeting, far and near, he wanted him to put his name down for every club in the county.

Christopher, on the other hand, could hardly be induced to pay a call, and if he saw certain of his neighbors coming, he would go a mile out of his way to avoid them. That love of display in which Mr. Blunt delighted was torture to his son—to be thrust into notice because of their equipage and fine liveries humiliated him. There was but one man in Wadpole with whom he was sufficiently intimate to call him a friend, and he, to his father's disgust, was a new comer and the curate.

"You haven't no spirit in you," Mr. Blunt would say, "instead of trying to get in with those that could be of some use to you. What's the good of a fellow like that?"

It was not that he had any especial dislike to Mr. Cameron, but he wanted to have his vanity ministered to by seeing Christopher mix with those in whose company he himself could never feel at ease. When his son was on horseback, Mr. Blunt was riding, in whatever he did the father had a share, and followed with pride that portion of himself which had always been well fed and clothed and nursed in luxury. The greater half of much ambition has root in a similar selfish prompting.

During the time Christopher had been in Venice Mr. Blunt had been taking his pleasure in London, thoroughly enjoying the fellowship of some of his old companions, indemnifying his apparent forgetfulness of them in the country by the generous treatment he gave them in town.

The letter announcing that Christopher was returning had sent him back to Wadpole, and a telegram a few days later on, saying the hour to expect him, took Mr. Blunt off to the station.

Few things put him in better humor than a drive through the little town of Wadpole, a sleepy, out-of-the-world, old-fashioned place which, though but a short distance from London, seemed so far as progress went to have been overlooked or forgotten.

There was one main street composed of substantial dwelling-houses mixed up with

shops kept by well-to-do folk, who with their business inherited their customers, and on market-days when the country people came in and the farmers were about, there was a little show of bustle here; but at ordinary times the noise of carriage-wheels brought people to the doors and windows, and Mr. Blunt was greeted with the obsequious salutations due to such horses and such liveries.

"That was something like! something worth looking at; a man who'd got the money and knew how to spend it—and spend it among them too, which was more than Mr. Chandos did"—their own squire—a very unpopular man, who seldom of late years had cared to do more than pay a visit to Wadpole.

However much the neighboring gentry might give the cold shoulder to Mr. Blunt, in Wadpole itself he had secured the popularity usually awarded to one whose advent is heralded by fabulous wealth, wonderful speculations, and an enviable facility of turning all he touched into money.

No one could exactly tell how, but there was a general belief that Mr. Blunt's coming meant some good to the town, and various hints were given and reports exchanged as down the whole length of the street they watched him out of sight.

Then the coachman permitted the horses to slacken their pace; they had but to cross the wooden bridge, mount the short, steep hill, and the station would be reached.

No longer satisfied with the pent-house shelter which up to now had served well enough, public spirit—aided by a handsome subscription from Mr. Blunt—had demanded a proper waiting-room, which was now in course of erection, together with the offices which should form a respectable terminus.

None of these being yet fully finished, Mr. Blunt remained seated in his carriage, an object of admiration to the few persons waiting about, none of whom being of sufficient importance to engage in conversation, his attention was caught by some workmen occupied—and very busily too, since the great man had drawn near—in completing the masonry of a boundary wall. A mischance had caused the train to be late, and as the time went on Mr. Blunt became more and more engrossed in the work he was watching.

Country fellows who had learned their trade in the little town near to which they had been born, how clumsily they managed their tools! if it was in that slipshod

way the work was to be done, the whole thing would be down — in pieces about their ears — before a year was out.

There was one man who particularly stirred his wrath, a happy-go-lucky lout who kept time in the dabbing-in of his mortar to some doleful composition which he slowly whistled.

Oh, the purgatory of having to look on and to sit still!

At that moment Mr. Blunt would not have grudged a good sum to be able to jump from the carriage, pull off his coat, and knocking the whole five bumpkins to the right-about, give them a sight of what well-done, proper work ought to look like. He had not forgotten his tools, or how to handle them either.

Did any one suppose that if he had ever scamped his work in that fashion that he should be where he was now? and before his eyes there rose up a poor boy carrying a mason's hod on his shoulder.

In an instant Mr. Blunt's rubicund face had turned crimson, it was as if he felt that others must have seen that vision, and have recognized that long ago he was that boy.

Casting his eyes sharply round, he fancied he detected a snigger on those stolid faces near, that they exchanged meaning looks, guessed perhaps why he was interested in the progress of that wall.

"What — I should like to know is the meaning of all this delay?"

Mr. Blunt's comely appearance was as ruffled as an angry turkey-cock.

"Where's the station-master? oh, Mr. Watkins, there you are."

"It's a little hitch with the Bocking train, sir," said Watkins, coming forward, "they got stuck fast by Greentree, but it's all right now — they've signalled us past, they'll soon be here. I was waiting to tell you, but I see you was noting how they was getting on here — slow work it seems to me."

Torn between the desire to point out the defects of the work and the fear of displaying too much knowledge of it, Mr. Blunt hesitated, when fortunately a diversion occurred in the shape of a new arrival — a high sort of butcher's cart with a rough pony, driven by a bright-looking girl, dashed up to the station.

"Am I in time?" she said, standing up so as to look on to the platform over Mr. Blunt. "Down train not in yet? that is good! Watkins," to the station-master, "come here, I want a parcel sent. How d'ye do, Mr. Blunt? I was so afraid I shouldn't do it;" and as she looked at her watch she gave a nod of satisfaction,

then in a graver tone, seeming to address all who were near, she said, "You will be sorry, I am sure, to hear that the squire has been taken ill — the rector had no idea that it was anything serious when he went to London, but the account yesterday was so unfavorable that he has determined to go on to Brighton from there, and these are some things, Watkins, I want taken up to meet him at Victoria Station. Lambert will be able to manage it for me, don't you think?"

"If it's anything for you, Miss Georgy, he'll do it if it's to be done," said Watkins heartily.

"Of course he will," and the girl's face reflected the smiles turned towards her; "it's of no use having friends unless one makes use of them, is it, Mr. Blunt?" and without waiting his answer she asked, "Are you here to meet your son? I heard he was expected to-day."

"Yes; I fancy he must be in a hurry to get home. I wanted him to take it easy and stay by the way, but he's come straight back from Italy. I'm sorry to hear this about Mr. Chandos, though. Is it sudden, or anything he's subject to?"

"Papa does not say, but he evidently thinks seriously of it, and the rector isn't one to look at the dark side of things, you know."

While speaking, she had jumped down unassisted, and stood looking about for some one to entrust her pony to.

"Shall I — would you like my — footman?" Mr. Blunt hesitated. His footman had but recently come from the service of an earl. Dare he venture to ask him to descend thus far?

"Thanks; oh dear, no. Stop where you are," she said, taking it for granted the man intended at once acting on his master's suggestion. "I see somebody who has been looking out for me," and she nodded affirmatively to an old fellow who, at a little distance off, stood pulling his forelock in anticipation.

"I shall go on to the platform," she said, "and interview Lambert myself."

Mr. Blunt had already got down from the carriage with the gallant idea of being able to assist her.

"I don't think I can do better than follow your example," he said. "The train must be close at hand by this time."

So going round and through the wicket they went chatting one to the other, and when a few minutes later the engine came puffing in, Christopher, looking out of the carriage window, was greeted by his father and Miss Georgy Temple, standing side by side together.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON THE NAMES OF THE GREEKS.

Διὰ ταῦτα δὲ, ὡς εἰκεν ὀρθῶς ἔχει καλεῖν τὸν τοῦ σωτήρος νῆον Ἀστυνάκτα τοῦτον ὃ ἐσωξεν ὁ πατήρ αὐτοῦ ὡς φησιν Ὀμήρος. — PLATO'S *Cratylus*.

THE object of this paper is to invite attention to the significance of Greek proper names. If the drama of Greek history abounds in every kind of interest to engage the mind, it is surely worth while to note the names of the *dramatis personæ*. We hope to show that many interesting indications, and not a little unsuspected information, may be derived from this study. The intelligent reader of Holy Scripture habitually keeps in view the significance of proper names, since the vicissitudes of the Hebrew people, historical and moral, can be legibly traced in the names they gave their children. And in a measure the same may be said of the personal names of the Greeks. Nor need any one be startled by the comparison thus suggested. Little as the Hebrew and Hellenic peoples seem to have in common, they at all events are alike in their great fondness for names derived from divine titles. Nor does the similarity end here; for both Hebrews and Greeks, avoiding an elaborate nomenclature like that of the Romans, or of modern Europe, made it a fixed rule for each individual to bear but one personal name.

The point from which we start is the elementary fact that parents do not give their children names at random. Even in England, where such mingled influences are at work, and where large sections of the population idly follow the fashions of their betters, this rule holds good. Few that have not read Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names" can appreciate what a strange side-light our choice of Christian names sheds upon the history of our country — its changes of rulers, its changes in religion, its changing fashions in literature and art. Much more should we expect to find this the case in Greece, where the influences operating upon society were vastly more simple, and the character of the population vastly more homogeneous than our own.

It was customary for the new-born child to receive its name on the tenth day after birth, when the friends of the family were invited to the house to sacrifice and feast together, and gifts of congratulation were presented. The choice of the name generally lay with the father, as appears from many expressions in the curious speech of Demosthenes, "Against Boiotos con-

cerning his Name."* But we may be sure that a mother would have some voice in such a matter, in spite of the father's right. And accordingly Euripides represents Œdipus and Jocaste as alternately choosing their children's names, Antigone having been named by her mother, and Ismene by her father.† And the humorous account of Strepsiades in "The Clouds"‡ is clearly true to life, where the parents quarrel over the naming of their babe, the father wanting to call him Pheidonides ("Thriftiness"), after his grandfather, but the mother preferring some compound of *ἱππος*, until they compromise matters and fix upon Pheidippides.

In this instance the ambition of the mother was bent on a high-sounding name; and the popularity of names from *ἱππος*, not only in Attika, but everywhere in Greece, while partly due to the influence of the chariot races at the games, yet far oftener indicated that passion for horseflesh as a mark of grandeur which proved fatal to many a patrimony.§ The names derived from *ἱππος* are far too many to enumerate, but we may take note in passing, that Hippias and Hipparchos were fit names for young princes; that Xanthippe perhaps came of a gay, fashionable family (she called her son Lamprokles), and so was hardly the wife for a Sokrates; and that the pride of the Macedonians in their cavalry, long before the organization of their phalanx, is reflected in the name Philippos.

But to return to the passage in "The Clouds." It is observable that the old-fashioned father was true to Greek usage in wanting his boy to have his grandfather's name.|| This practice is one of the many indications of the strong domestic feelings of the Greeks. A son might naturally wish to keep the family tradition unimpaired, and to make the father he was losing to live again in the grandchild; nor can we forget how often peculiarities of feature and character reappear in the third generation. The claims of sentiment were strengthened by the prospect of succession to the family property. Thus when Isæus's client

* Cf. Eur. Ion, 800. Plato, Theag. 122, D.

† Eur. Phœnissæ, 58.

‡ Line 60 fol.

§ *ἱππους ἀγαλάς τῆς ὑπερπλούτου χλιδῆς*, Æsch. P. V. 466. Cf. Xen. *De Re Eques.* ii. 1; hence the ominous word *καθιπποτροφεῖν*.

|| Demosth. l.c. p. 1002: *ἄξιόν δ' αὐτὸς ὡς δὴ ῥεσβυτέρως ὦν τοῖνόν μ' ἔχειν τὸ τοῦ πατρὸς πάππου*. See also what a father says about his children's names, *Contra Macart.* 1075.

(*De Menecles Hered.* 36) says of his adoptive father, "My wife and I paid him all dutiful regard, and I named my little boy after him, that his name might not die out of the family," it was hoped that the inheritance would go with the name. On the other hand, it was contrary to old Greek usage for a son to take his father's name; Mæandrios, son of Mæandrios, being the only instance of such a thing in all Herodotus. Empedokles, the philosopher, was named after his grandfather; * Aristeides, as son of Lysimachos, named his first-born, Lysimachos; Iophon, the son of Sophokles, named his son Sophokles; and so in cases without end. Perikles, the son of Perikles, is an exception which proves the rule, for Perikles named his son and heir after his father Xanthippos, and it was only when the plague had deprived him of both his legitimate sons that the Assembly made an exception in his favor, and legitimized his son by Aspasia, who accordingly, out of order, took the name of Perikles.† But later on it became common enough for a son to bear his father's name; and *Δημοσθένης Δημοσθένους Παίδιος* is only one sample out of hundreds that might be quoted. For since the official "style and address" of an Athenian citizen was the man's own name, followed by the name of his father and of his deme,‡ it happens that the usage in question can be very fully illustrated from inscriptions. And so common did the practice become, that in the lists of epehebi or members of the gymnasium in later Athens it gave rise to a convenient abbreviation; for when the father's name is identical with the son's, instead of repeating it, it is indicated by a dash or bracket — (*Διογένης*), (*Φίλων*), (*Ἐπίγονος*), standing for Diogenes son of Diogenes, Philon son of Philon, etc.§ We can plainly see that the family feeling of the Greeks was sorely tried by the practice of having only one name. The peculiar system of the Romans enabled them to associate with the individual's name an intimation of his clan and his family. But the Greeks, without such help, endeavored to make a single name indicate as much as possible concerning the individual's relationship.

Thus a Mantias names his son Mantitheos (see Demosth. *l.c.*), preserving one element of the name, and varying the remainder. This method was exceedingly common, as appears from the witness of epitaphs, such as *Δημοφῶν Δημονίκου*, *Σωγένης Σωκράτους*, *Φιλοξενίδης Φιλοκράτου*, etc. Sokrates, son of Sophroniskos, is a case in point.* And again brothers would sometimes receive names similarly allied, as Hippias and Hipparchos, sons of Peisistratos, Diodotos and Diogeiton in Lysias *Adv. Diog.*, and Cleobis and Biton famous in Herodotus, whose names are both derivatives of *βίος*. Those families, moreover, which could boast of illustrious names in the past would of course take care not to let them die out. Thus in a Samian inscription lately discovered,† when we find the name of a certain *Douris*, we may safely conjecture him to be a member of the same family as the Samian historian of that name. And Plutarch‡ says, that among his fellow-students he knew a Themistokles, so named after his great ancestor.

Often however, instead of giving a child one of the favourite family names, a parent would wish to commemorate in a name some striking event that happened at the time. Polyænus tells a story about Jason of Thessaly, to the effect that on the birth of a son he invited his brother Meriones to the tenth-day feast, and made him preside at the banquet. In the mean time Jason, aware that his brother would be- grudge any present upon the occasion, pretending to be detained out hunting, sent to his brother's house and rifled it of twenty silver talents. Then, returning to the banquet, he begged Meriones to name the child. Meriones, hearing that robbers had entered his house (*πεπορῆσθαι τὴν οἰκίαν*), named his little nephew Porthaon. The story has little in it, but it indicates a source of names which must be common enough. The events which affect the family circle, however little known to the world outside, have often found a record in the family names. Sometimes also the great events of history combined with domestic motives in fixing the choice

* Diog. Laert. viii. 2, 1.

† Plutarch, Perikles, 37.

‡ Demosth. 997: καὶ τῆς ἡκοντος πόποτε, ἢ κατὰ ποῖον νόμον προσπαράγραψεν ἂν τοῦτο τὸ παράγραμμα ἢ ἄλλο τι πλὴν ὁ πατὴρ καὶ ὁ δῆμος. Cf. πατρὸς ἐπονυμῶν, of Nikias addressing his men (Thuc. vii. 69).

§ See Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum, No. 46.

* The list of names in Böckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum* No. 172 contains numerous instances of the kind: e.g. *Εὐδότμος Εὐδοτμου*, *Ἀντιγένης Ἀντιγενίδου*, *Μενεκλῆς Αὐτομόνου*, *Ἀπολλόδορος Πιστοδώρου*, *Λεωστράτος Λεωκράτους*, *Ξενοκλῆς Ὀνομακλέους*, and so on. How jealously families regarded their family names is seen from Demosth. *Contra Macart.* 1077.

† Carl Curtius, *Inscriften und Studien zur Gesch. von Samos*.

‡ *Vita Themist.* fn.

of a name. The mother of Euripides was among those who left Athens in the Persian invasion, and took refuge at Salamis. On the very day of the battle (so we are assured by the ancients) she gave birth to a son, whom she named Euripides, "*ab Euripo*"—i.e. in memory of the operations of the fleet at Artemision and Chalkis. There is really no reason for doubting this story: the name Euripides may not have been new, but it was certainly rare; and who knows whether some near kinsman of the poet's had not recently died at the Euripus while serving in the fleet? * When Miltiades' daughter, born shortly before the battle of Marathon, was named by him Elpinike, we cannot mistake his motive. A similar association attaches to the name of Deinomache, the mother of Alkibiades. She was the daughter of Megakles, whose victory at the Pythian games took place in the very year of Marathon.† And the martial names of two of Themistokles' daughters, Mnasiptolema and Nikomache, are another echo, we may be sure, of the great struggle with Persia. The name Thessalonike had a similar origin. Kassander called the flourishing town, which he founded on the site of Therma, Thessalonike, in honor of his wife, Philip's daughter. But Philip had coined this name for his daughter to commemorate the important step in his career by which he became master of Thessaly (B.C. 352). The name of Thebe, the daughter of Jason, implies that her father, about the time of her birth, was courting the friendship of Thebes. The names of Themistokles' daughters—Italia, Asia, and Sybaris—curiously illustrate the adventures of their father. Asia, the youngest, was probably born during his exile within the Persian dominions. The other two names belong to an earlier period. The founding of Thurii upon the ruins of Sybaris, and the extension of Athenian influence to Italy, is an undertaking associated with the name and genius of Perikles. But Herodotus‡—who ought to know—makes Themistokles suggest this very scheme of colonization upon the eve of the battle of Salamis. "We Athenians," he says, "can at any moment take our households and migrate to Siris in Italy, which has long been ours by right, and the oracles advise us to plant a colony

there." Now these names of Italia and Sybaris confirm Herodotus, and prove that in this enterprise Perikles did but realize the dream of Themistokles. In most of the above instances it is a daughter who receives so significant a name; and the exclusion of Greek women from politics prevented such names from proving any embarrassment to them in after life. Yet examples are not wanting of a similar naming of sons. Perikles called his son Paralos, in manifest allusion to his own maritime policy.* And this prepares us to understand how Lykurgus the lawgiver named his son Eukosmos, in commemoration of his "discipline." When we further learn that Lykurgus' father (or brother by other accounts) was named Eunomos, we need not dismiss the name as mythical, and nothing better than an epithet of the lawgiver himself; but we rather conclude (with Böckh) that the family of Lykurgus—and he was of royal blood—were bent upon disciplinary legislation. Still less are we surprised at the name of Philokypros,† the king who entertained Solon in Cyprus, and is said to have named his reorganized city after his famous guest and adviser (Σόλοιο). Philokypros called his son Aristokypros; and there was evident policy in the choice of such names for the successive heirs of the dynasty. When Aristotle‡ states that Psammetichos, son of Gordios, succeeded Periander at Corinth, the historian E. Curtius infers from this that the Corinthian dynasty was on terms with the rulers of Phrygia and Egypt. A similar conclusion may be drawn from the name of Phrygios, son of Neleus, the founder of Miletus.§ When a son of Peisistratus, born in the latter part of his reign, was named Thessalos, it is safe to infer that the ruler of Athens was in communication with the ruling houses of Thessaly. Just in the same way Kimon|| named his twin sons Lakedaimonios and Eleios, in compliment to his Peloponnesian friends, while his third son, Thessalos, marks the connection of Kimon with the rulers of Phæræ. The name of Libys, borne by the brother of Lysander, sounds strange enough until we read the account of Lysander's visit to the temple of Zeus Ammon; ¶ and the name and the visit, when considered together, make us suspect that

* During the Crimean War "*Alma*" became a common name; one heard of a soldier's wife naming her twins "*Inkermann*" and "*Alma*."

† Pindar, *Pyth. vii.*

‡ Book viii. 62.

* Paralos was the name of a mythical Attic hero.

† Plut. Solon. 26; Hdt. v. 113.

‡ Polit. viii. (v.), 12.

§ Plut. *De Mulier. Virt.* 16.

|| Plut. Kim. 16; cp. Perikl. 29.

¶ Plut. Lysand. 20.

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Lysander's restless ambition had brought him into correspondence with the Libyan oracle years before, when his brother was born. The Samios of Herodotus iii. 55, was so named because of the heroic death of his father, Archies, at the siege of Samos — so Archies the grandson told the historian. And similarly the enthusiasm of the Akarnanians for Phormio (Thucyd. iii. 7) is proved by the perpetuation of his name among them.*

For in truth, apart from the policy of statesmen, the employment of what may be termed "international" names was common enough in families, which through trade or otherwise were connected with foreign cities. Now a connection of this kind was effected by means of what is technically called *proxenia*. And as the isolation of Greek cities makes every trace of their intercommunion all the more interesting, we will describe in few words what *proxenia* really was. Instances like the following were extremely frequent. A citizen of Rhodes shows kindness to citizens of Samos who are led by business or pleasure to Rhodes; or perhaps a citizen of Ephesus, living at Rhodes, shows similar attentions towards Samian visitors. It would probably be decreed before long by the senate and people of Samos that the benefactor in question should be declared a *proxenos* of the Samian state, and be enrolled as a Samian citizen, both he and his sons after him, and that he should receive a gold crown and other public honors.† Would it be surprising if the person who was thus closely connected with Samos should introduce into his family names borrowed from his adoptive city? In this way we can easily account for the common occurrence of international names. Hardly a town or region of any importance could be found in Greece that has not given rise to a personal name. In Athens alone we are familiar with Boiotos from Demosthenes; Argeios was an orator (Aristoph. *Ecl.* 201); Eretrieus was a soldier who fell in battle (Böckh, *Corp. Inscr. Gr.* 169); Himeræos was a brother of Demetrius Phalereus (Plut. *Dem.* 28); Magnes was an early comedian; Lesbios was an ephebus (Böckh, *ibid.* 268); Milesios occurs more than once; Opuntios and Syrakosios are named by Aristophanes (*Av.* 1294-97). Then, again, a Karystios was a grammarian

of Pergamon (Athen. i. 24 b); and Nikopolis appears as the mother of one of the Politarchs in the well-known inscription from Thessalonika (Böckh, *ibid.* 1967). But, indeed, examples of this kind might be endlessly extended. Pausanias tells of an ancient king of Arkadia, named Pompos, who was so delighted with the enterprise of merchants from Ægina in bringing their wares by sea to Kyllene, then the port of Elis, and thence pushing on with packsaddles into Arkadia, that he named his son Æginetes, "for love of the Æginetans" (viii. 5, 8). Without pledging ourselves to the historical existence of King Pompos, we may certainly accept the story as typical of a large class of Greek names.

Names of this kind were visible pledges of international friendship; and it is easy to understand how, at critical moments, diplomacy would be glad to make use of them. Two examples from Thucydides will illustrate this. At the conclusion of the siege of Plataea (iii. 52), when the hapless Plataeans were brought before a high-handed Spartan commission, seeing their peril, they asked permission to defend themselves, and chose for their spokesmen "Astymachos, son of Asopolaos, and Lakon, son of Aeimnestos, who was *proxenos* of the Lakedæmonians." The choice was wisely made. If any one could conciliate the Spartans, surely Lakon might: his name was a password to their sympathies, and his father, Aeimnestos, had fought by their side on the battle-field of Plataea (Her. ix. 72). Again, when the Lakedæmonians were anxious for peace, in order to secure the release of the prisoners at Pylos (Thuc. iv. 119), one of the ambassadors they sent to Athens was "Athenæos, son of Perikleidas." We may be sure that he was connected with Athens by *proxenia*, and his very name was a pledge that Sparta was in earnest about the truce. Naturally enough, when two envoys — one Spartan and one Athenian — were chosen to convey the news of the armistice to Brasidas and the cities in Thrace, Athenæos was deputed by Sparta (*Ibid.* 122). Guided by these examples, we may understand how wisely Perikles selected Lakedæmonios, son of Kimon, to command the ten ships sent to defend Corcyra (*Ibid.* i. 45). Plutarch indeed repeats the calumny that Perikles wished by this move to compromise the reputation of the son of his old rival. But the precise wish of Perikles was to assist Corcyra without committing himself to hostility towards Sparta; and the name

* See Böckh, *Corp. Inscr. Gr.* No. 1246 b.; and an inscription probably of B.C. 337, published by Koehler, *C. I. A.* ii. 121.

† No class of inscriptions is more common in every part of Greece than decrees of *προξενία*.

and connections of Lakēdæmonios were the pledge of a policy of "defence not defiance." We may further conjecture that it was no accident which made a Doriens the leader of the Peloponnesian party at Thurii, and an Athenagoras the advocate of Athenian interests at Syracuse.*

It should be recollected that most of the Greek names, unlike our Christian names, had a transparent etymology, so that their meaning was obvious to all. And consequently we find the Greeks not averse to a play upon names. Herodotus (vi. 50) tells how King Kleomenes, when repulsed from Ægina, threatened Krios, the Æginetan, saying, "You had better copper-plate your horns, my Ram (ὦ Κρίε), before you run your head against destruction." When the Persians at Artemision, capturing a Greek ship, proceeded to sacrifice to the gods the handsomest man they could find among her crew, Herodotus adds (vii. 180), "His name was Leon, and perhaps his name in part cost him his life." Again, when the Samians, just before the battle of Mycale, sent to the Greek fleet at Delos to urge them to come and liberate Ionia, Leutychides chanced to ask the Samian stranger, "What was his name?" and hearing it was Hegistratos, he joyfully accepted the omen (*Ibid.* ix. 91). Not that the Greeks were guilty of the excessive superstition about names which obtained among the Romans.† But one observes that the Greek names, with rare exceptions, avoid all reference to sorrow and death, and were usually expressive of hope and good-fortune. And it can hardly have been accidental that an Aisimos ("god-sent") should have headed the triumphal procession of citizens upon the return of the Demos from Phyle (Lysias, *Contra Agorast.*). As for playing upon names, Aristophanes revels in it, both punning upon existing names,‡ and coining all kinds of new ones. In the orators, indeed, we find no parallels to Cicero's *Fus Verri-nim*: perhaps they were too much bent upon hard hitting to waste time upon word-trifling. But such pleasantry is more in place in the Platonic dialogue: three examples occur in the "Symposium,"§ and even in the "Apology" the name of Melētos ("careful") is repeatedly played

upon.* When, therefore, St. Paul in his letter to Philemon plays upon the name of Onesimus, he is quite true to classical feeling.

This peculiarity of Greek names — their obvious significance — would alone convince us that Greek parents had something to express in the names they gave their children. There hangs a tale by each of the names of the Greeks, if only we could discover it. But at such a distance of time, this can only be done in certain instances like those discussed above. And our curiosity is very soon baffled if all we have to ask is why Pindar was called Pindar, why Sophokles, Sophokles, and so on.

But when we leave the discussion of individual cases, and look on the meaning of Greek names in the mass, another part of our subject comes into view. Greek names may be regarded as an index of the mind and character of the people. And for this purpose let us attempt a fresh classification of Greek names, taking as our *principium divisionis* the range of ideas to which the names belong — not their etymology, but, so to say, their moral derivation.

By far the greater number of the Greeks bore names relating either to: (1) The worship of the gods (Herodotus, Thucydides); or (2) to politics (Xenophon, Isokrates, Demosthenes); or (3) to warfare (Lamachos, Alexander); or (4) to wealth and social distinction (Plutarchos, Perikles, Xanthippos, Themistokles).

Next in frequency to these great classes come (5) names expressive of personal appearance or moral qualities (Æschylus, Sophroniskos); or (6) of family incidents or hereditary crafts (Euripides, Smilis).

Most Greek names will be found to fall easily into one or other of these divisions. Sometimes, indeed, a name will appear to fit equally well into several classes, as Kleobulos, which fluctuates between the second and fourth; Herakleitos, between the first and fourth; Herostatos, between the first and third, and so on. But a little attention will show that in most of these compounded names one element alone gives its character to the word, the other being almost emptied of its meaning. In the name Thucydides, e.g., the important element is clearly the first.†

* Thuc. vi. 35; viii. 35.

† See Cic. *De Dio.* i. 45; Tacit. Hist. iv. 53: ingressi milites, quis *fausta nomina*, felicitibus ramis.

‡ e.g. *Acē.* 1070: ὃν πόνοι τε καὶ μῆλαι καὶ Δάμαχοι.

§ 174 B; 185 C; 198 C.

* 24 C; 25 C (ὦ Μένητε . . . οὐδὲν σοι μεμῆλκε κ.τ.λ.); 6 D.

† Athenæus (x. 448 κ) divides names into θεοφόρα and ἄθεα. It is noticeable that in "godless" names,

1. Now a mere glance at this classification reveals some important facts concerning Greek life and character. Foremost stands the fact that they were an intensely religious people. Little as their polytheism tended to moderate their passions or elevate morality, yet no people ever lived under a more constant belief in the divine power as concerned in every affair of the individual, the family, and the State. No wonder, then, that they loved to name their children after the names and epithets of the gods, not at all from irreverence, as Lucian seems to hint,* but just the contrary.† The choice of a particular god might be determined by many circumstances. Thus an inscription from Pantikapæon shows how a priestess of Demeter, named Aristonike, had named her daughter Demetria.‡ The favorite gods for the purpose of naming appear to be Zeus, Apollo, and Athene; § and, next to these, Artemis, Dionysos, Hermes, and Poseidon. Sometimes the names of the gods were employed without alteration for men. Hermes is not unfrequent; Apollon, Eros, Phæbos, Artemis are not unknown. The festivals too supplied a great number of names, the choice being dictated by various motives — such as the birth of a child at the festival time. Carneades the philosopher was so named because born at the *Karneia*.|| Numenios, Lenæos, Apaturos, Bukatia are a few specimens of this kind. Penteteris was a frequent name at Athens, referring to the recurrence of the Panathenaic festival every four years; and a law existed forbidding any *hetæra* to bear the name. Under the head of "religious" names we must class the names derived from heroes and from rivers. These last are very common. Mæandrios *e.g.* was a favorite name in Asia Minor, Kephisodoros at Athens; while Strymodoros is accounted for by the Athenian possessions in Thrace.

2. Hardly less frequent are names connected with politics. These curiously illustrate the civic life of the Greeks.

when composed of two nouns, the two elements are commonly transposable: *e.g.* Ἀγορίανης Ἀναξαγόρας — Κλεοστράτος Στρατοκλής — Νικόστρατος Στρατόνικος. But when a divine name enters into the composition, it must stand first: *e.g.* Herodotus, Diodorus, the only exceptions being in the case of the Egyptian deities, viz. Φιδέμμων, Φιλοσαράπις.

* *Pro Imag.* 27.

† Plutarch, *De Def. Orac.* 21.

‡ Böckh, *Corpus*, 2108.

§ The Homeric triad; II. ii. 371: αἰ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πατέρ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι.

|| Plutarch, *Sympos. Qu. viii.* 1, 2.

The assembly of citizens (Anaxagoras, Pythagoras), the conference of opinion (Thrasylbulos, Archebulos), the open debate (Peisistratos, Diopetheus, Peisander), the humors of the *demos* (Philodemos, Charidemos, Sosidemos), the exclusiveness which regarded the native of another town as a foreigner (Philoxenos, Xenotimos) — all this and much more may be found reflected in the names. Neither can it have been an accident that in Demosthenes' family there should be so many persons named from *δημος*. The name Demosthenes was borne by his father, Demon by an uncle and a cousin, Demophon by an uncle, Demochares and Demomeles by several of his kinsmen. We trace in this the democratic and political bias of the family.

3. Quite as numerous as the political names, perhaps more so, are those relating to warfare. Amongst this plentiful class one can recognize the campaign (Polemon, Strattis, Ptolemæos), self-defence (Alexander, Amyntas), the pride of command (Agesilaos, Aristarchos, Archelaos), the citizen-army (Demostros, Nikodemos), its old formation (Archilochos), its equipment by land (Duris, Dorylaos) and by sea (Naukrates, Nauson), the soldier-spirit (Lamachos, Thrasymachos, Alkibiades), the hope of victory (Elpinikos), and its achievement (Telenikos, Nikias, Nausinikos). The love of military distinction in a society where every citizen was a soldier, and might become a commander, alone accounts for the frequent choice of warlike names.

4. Names expressive of wealth and distinction form another great class; and the fondness of names compounded with κύδος, κλέϊνος, κλέος, δόξα, τιμή, -αινος, -αίνετος, -γνώτος, -φάνης, -φαντος, reveals the fact that love of praise was avowedly a ruling passion with the Greeks. To this class must also be referred names derived from ἵππος, πλοῦτος, and some of those in -γένης. It is characteristic of the great Athenian family of the Alkmæonidæ that their names are so largely drawn from this fourth class; witness Megakles, Kleisthenes, Hippokrates, Axiochos, Kleinias, Hipponikos, Xanthippos, Perikles. Few families could ever boast of greater hereditary gifts, and few in their choice of names so frankly laid claim to admiration. The singular fitness of Perikles' name has often been remarked; but it was as natural for an Alkmæonid to have such a name, as it was for him to justify it by his performances.

5. After these four great groups of

names will follow two smaller divisions. One of these comprises names relating to personal qualities of mind or body. And here it is a mark of Greek refinement that, as a rule, they avoided names ungraciously descriptive of bodily peculiarities. *Albius*, *Flavius*, *Rufus*, *Fronto*, *Naso*, *Niger*, etc., are common in Latin; but when similar names occur in Greek, we note them as unusual. *Megas*, *Melantichos*, *Pyrrhos*, *Smikythos*, *Smikylion*, are specimens of this class: but *Leukon*, *Xanthias*, *Gorgias*, *Glaukon*, etc., are probably abbreviations of *Leukippos*, *Xanthippos*, etc., as *Xeuxis* undoubtedly is of *Xeuxippos*.* So also with the names of animals: *Leon*, *Leonidas*, *Lysiskos*, *Lagiskos*, *Kyniskos*, *Batrachos*, *Chœrillos*, *Gryllos*, *Drakon*, *Iktinos*, *Karkinos*, *Krios*, *Mys*, *Skylax*, are all well known. But they do not strike us as so prominent among Greek names as names like *Porcius*, *Aper*, *Vitellius*, etc., are in Latin. Names expressive of beauty, strength, joy, and favor are extremely common in Greek, and record the loving wish of parents for the welfare of their child. *Aischron*, however, was a good Athenian name, the force of the epithet being modified by the fondling termination. This is the case with *Æschylus*. Perhaps also in *Æschines* and *Leptines* the termination has a diminutive force (*ὑποκοριστικῶς*). One of the quaintest Attic names is *Kallaischros*, borne by the father of *Kritias* and others. One imagines that all such names originated in the *gymnasia*, and thence passed into the nursery; but how and when did the giantess who helped *Peisistratos* come by the name of *Φύη* (Stature)? Was it a *sobriquet*, or was it a family name, or had she been an infant prodigy?

6. Lastly we place names referring to family incidents or hereditary arts. Many of these have already been discussed above; but there remain to be mentioned some peculiar names of artists, musicians, and poets. Thus *Euchair* and *Cheiriso-phos* are known names of sculptors. *Mys* and *Strongylion* (as some think) got their names from the delicacy and finish of their touch; while *Smilis*, the old *Ægine-tan* artist, whom Professor Brunn† declines to resolve into a myth, derives his name from chisel (*quân*). No one will

say such names were accidentally given. But granting their appropriateness, are we obliged to suppose that they were descriptive names given to the artists in the noon of their fame, to the displacement of their original names? We think not, and for these reasons.

We have already seen that the giving of a name was a solemn act of the father's on the tenth day after birth, attended with religious rites and witnessed by the family. In Attika the father had to register his child's name, certainly within four years of birth, in the list of his own *phratría*. This registration was recognized by the law as proof of the child's legitimacy, and was therefore of the greatest importance: it took place every year on the third day of the *Apaturia*. Yet again, before the youth could enter the *ecclesia*, his name had to be entered at the age of eighteen in the register of his father's deme. And what importance was attached both in law and in sentiment to the identity of a person's name is seen in *Demosthenes'* speech against *Bœotes*. There is also evidence that the kind of registration required at Athens existed in some similar form throughout Greece. All this is against the probability of a common change of names. There are, it is true, certain real examples of men who changed their names. *Plato* was originally named *Aristokles* by his father *Ariston*, but is said to have been renamed in the *gymnasium* when a youth, from his breadth of chest. *Theophrastus'* name was *Tyrtamos*, until his master *Aristotle* named him anew for his *divinitas loquendi*.* *Demosthenes* asserts (what we need not believe) a similar change concerning *Æschines'* father; and *Theophrastus*, in his "Character of the Evil-Speaker," shows that this was a standing topic for the slanderer. But it is obvious that the change of a freeborn citizen's name was an exceptional thing. The historian *E. Curtius*, struck by the appropriateness of some of the tyrants' names, imagines that they assumed a new name when they quitted private life and ascended the throne. This was true of *Aeropos*, who became *Archelaos* the Second of Macedon, B.C. 396, and may possibly be true of *Aristion*, the philosopher-tyrant of Athens. But there is no ground whatever for supposing any change in the case of *Polykrates* or *Periander*: both came of ruling houses, and their names express their fathers' intentions concern-

* See Sauppe on *Plato*, *Protag.* 3:3 B, C, and the striking essay by Dr. Fick, *Die griechischen Personennamen nach ihrer Bildung erklärt*, etc., Göttingen, 1874, who explains nearly all non-compound Greek names as "Koseformen" from compounded names.

† *Geschichte d. gr. Kunst.* i. p. 26 fol.

* *Cicero, Orator.* 19.

ing their future. There are also some instances of double or alternative names; but these usually occur amongst Hellenized foreigners, as at Olbia or in Palestine, or in the Græco-Roman world: they are found more frequently in the case of women than of men (as with Periander's wife)—the political importance of female names being less; and they nearly always are found to belong to a late time, when the Romans, with their *tria nomina*, had begun to set a new fashion. As for nick-names like *Θηραμένης ὁ Κόθορνος*, they are beside our purpose.

These considerations make us prefer, if possible, to explain such names as Smilis and Strongylion without supposing any change of name. And an obvious explanation is found in the hereditary character of many arts and trades. Sculpture was hereditary in families, not merely because the sense of form is a transmitted quality, but also because a sculptor of distinction might well wish to hand on to his son his lucrative connection and firm. With something of the feeling which made the old Italian artists speak of themselves as if the sons of their masters, so a Greek sculptor (it is thought), in inscribing his name on a work, never added his father's name to his own unless his father had been also his instructor in the art. *Μίκων Φανομάχου ἐποίησε* implied that Mikon had learned his art from his father Phanomachos. What more likely than for an artist to coin a significant name for his son whom he wished to designate as his successor? So, again, when we find Jason (*Ἰάσων*) a favorite name for Greek physicians, we explain the fact from the hereditary nature of ancient medicine. And so with the names of some of the oldest poets. If the etymology of Hesiod's name be *ἑσθαι ὠιδῆν*, it implies that he came of a family and school of poets. Terpander's name indicates the same thing. Probably a similar account is to be given of the significant names *Kykleus*, the father of Arion (Arion being the great author of the dithyramb or *κύκλιος χορός*), *Ligyrtiades*, the father of Mimnermos (*μύσσα λυγία*), *Euphemos*, the father of Stesichoros, and the name of Stesichoros himself.

It is possible, indeed, for fancy to lead us astray, if we are too anxious to discern the reasons for all the striking names borne by the Greeks. When all is said, there will still remain instances of remarkable names, singularly appropriate to their owners, wherein the appropriateness is purely accidental. Such were Kallikra-

tes, the handsomest Greek on the battlefield of Platæa; and Killikratidas, the straightforward admiral who succeeded Lysander; and Tolmidas, son of Tolmæos, another hero of the Peloponnesian War, whose name may indicate a family trait. Kratesipolis, the heroic wife of Alexander son of Polysperchon, who, after her husband's murder, held Sikyon for Kassander, is a signal instance of a suitable name. But probably the appropriateness was accidental, the name having been given her (as with Thessalonike) to commemorate some victory contemporaneous with her birth. More singular still is the name of Tisiphonos, brother of Thebe, who murdered Alexander of Phææ. And what shall we say of Sokrates son of Sophroniskos and Phænarete? Somebody once gravely suggested to Böckh that the names of Sokrates' parents were mythical, and merely were invented to typify the philosopher himself! More likely, said Böckh, the name of the father implied that self-control was a family characteristic, and Phænarete's mother may have been as good and clever as her daughter, and so gave Phænarete a name which expressed her own ideal and her best wish for her child.

Something ought to have been said about the names of slaves, the naming of ships, the naming of animals. The philology also of Greek names is a little-worked subject, on which much remains to be written. Our acquaintance with Greek names is, in fact, increasing every day; since each new inscription, however fragmentary, and however little information it contains, seldom fails to yield a name. The lists of magistrates from Athens and Sparta, lists of ephēbi from later Athens, lists of victors in the various games, funeral monuments from every part of Greece, innumerable coins, inscribed vases, amphora-handles, which abound upon the track of the Thasian, Rhodian, and Knidian wine-trade, and are stamped with the name of the magistrate to mark the year of vintage—these all are affording ever-fresh material. As the eye wanders among this vast store of names from every corner of the Hellenic world, and representing every period of Greek history, many reflections suggest themselves. We note how, among the earliest historical names, many are obscure in meaning and harsh in sound, and how beautiful and euphonious are most of the names of the best times; how, on the outskirts of the Hellenic world, from Thrace, from Libya, from the Crimea,

from the Asiatic shores, alien sounds meet the ear, like Miltokythes, Oloros, Rhemetalkes, Pixodaros, Orophernes. We take note of varieties characteristic of different parts of Greece; how names in *-dotes*, common everywhere, are especially common (we wonder why?) at Rhodes; how patronymics, though universally used, yet have an old-fashioned sound, and belong more often to Dorians than Ionians; so that when an Athenian bears a name like Alkibiades, it is worth while asking whether his family had any connection with Sparta. We observe that Philopœmen, the one great hero reared by Arkadia, bore a name suggestive of old Arkadian life. We can measure by aid chiefly of names in *-dotes* the comparative hold which foreign worships obtained in Greece: the mother of the gods (Μητρόδωρος, Μητροφάνης), Ammon (Αμμώνιος, Φιλιάμμων), Bendis (Βενιδώρος), Sarapis (Σαραπιόδωρος, Σαραπίων, Φιλοσάραπης), Isis (Ισιδώρος, 'Ισιγένης), and still later Horus and Triphis (Τριγέννης, Τριφιδώρος). We observe how, in later Athens, the very names bear witness to the decline, having little to do with politics or war, and more suggestive of philosophy, or superstition, or mere fancy (Σόφος, Λόγος, Μυστικός, Νήφων, Σπένδιων, 'Αβδoκαντος, Γραφικός, Στάχυς, 'Ανθος, Κορνύβος). And meanwhile, as Roman names mingle themselves more and more freely with the Greek, we seem no longer to be in Greece at all, for the stream of Hellenic civilization is losing itself in the world at large.*

E. L. HICKS.

* I owe many of the examples above quoted to the essays of Keil, *Specimen Onomatologi Græci*; Letronne, *Annali dell' Instituto*, xvii. 254 foll.; Boeckh, *Kleine Schriften*, vi. 37 foll.; E. Curtius, *Monatsberichte d. Berl. Akad.* 1879, p. 165.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PROPERTY *versus* PERSON — INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES.

THERE is no subject of more importance to the public than the mode in which the criminal law is administered. Upon the mode of its administration, and its effect upon the criminal classes, the comfort, peace, and security of the public largely depend. Public attention has been lately drawn to the subject by the apparent increase of savage, and often unprovoked assaults upon peaceful persons going about their avocations in the streets. Having long felt that some change was needed, either in the law, or the way in which it was administered, I

addressed questions, in the House of Commons during last session, to the home secretary, calling his attention to some glaring cases where almost nominal punishments were inflicted upon ruffians for outrages of a most brutal character. Towards the end of the session I moved a resolution upon the subject contrasting the punishments awarded for assaults upon the person with the sentences passed upon criminals for attacks upon property. I endeavored to show, and I think succeeded in showing, that in the first class of cases they were often, indeed generally, entirely inadequate, while in the second they were almost uniformly excessive. If this statement is true, and I am sure that it is substantially so, it follows, that in the eye of the law, and in the minds of its administrators, property is more sacred than person or even life. I contended that drunkenness should not be allowed as a plea in mitigation of punishment, except in very rare and extraordinary circumstances. Finally I moved for a return of the number of outrages upon the person during the last five years, and the punishments awarded in each case. I fear that this return will show an increasing number of such crimes, and if it does, it will be due to the inadequacy of the punishments given by police magistrates and others. If it could be shown that the maximum punishments permitted by the law were generally given, then it would be clear that the law itself was to blame and not its administrators. Perhaps it is partly both, but before changing the law it must first be shown that its full power has been applied. I do not think that this is the case, for it often happens that not a tenth of the punishment allowed by law is given. This country has attained a most unenviable notoriety for a class of crime but little known in others. Brutal assaults upon wives and women of all kinds are a disgrace to the manhood of England, and it is high time that the reproach should be wiped out.

The home secretary was never able to suggest any means by which public attention could be called to cases of manifest injustice. He always contended that no person was competent to say whether a sentence was adequate or inadequate, unless he had been present in court when the case was tried, had heard all the evidence, and had had an opportunity of studying the demeanor of the witnesses. If this theory is a true one the public is indeed helpless and publicity useless. I contend, and I think most reasonable

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people will agree with me, that when a person has been found guilty by a jury, a judge, or a magistrate, the public is quite competent to say whether the punishment has been commensurate to the offence, without having heard a word of the evidence or having seen one of the witnesses. I readily admit that the public is not competent, upon the mere report of a trial, to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty with the same certainty as a judge or jury. But the evidence having been sufficient to satisfy the judge and the jury any one is competent to say whether the sentence is a fair one or an unfair one. The home secretary argued, too, that it was unreasonable to suppose that judges and magistrates were less humane than the mover of the resolution, and that, therefore, their judgments should not be criticised.

The following cases will show the impunity with which brutal injury can be inflicted upon the person, and the terrible consequences to the criminal when his crime has been the abstraction of a few pence or shillings from the pocket or the till. The first to which I ventured to call the attention of the home secretary last session was the case of a man named Hunt, tried before Lord Coleridge on the 26th of May. This man was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife. He was seen chasing her over a field, and having thrown her down, kicked her with his heavy boots either on the head or the back of the neck. The woman never moved, and when reproached by some neighbors, he said it "served her right." She died almost immediately, and when the police came they found the prisoner calmly smoking his pipe. The man was in a state of intoxication, and stated that they had had a thousand quarrels. The jury convicted him of manslaughter, a verdict in which the judge concurred. The learned judge then said "there was no crime which varied so much in its moral aspect as manslaughter, in one case it might nearly approach murder. In this case the prisoner had wilfully deprived himself of the guidance of reason, and had been the means of causing the death of this young woman with whom he might have lived happily. While giving effect to the recommendation of the jury he must pass upon the prisoner a sentence to show that human life was a precious thing in the eye of the law, and could not be taken without punishment. He sentenced him to six weeks' hard labor."

The solemn address of the judge about

the value of human life was a farce, and the sentence that followed was a burlesque. Be it remembered that this prisoner's crime was so very like murder that it had been mistaken for the real article by the coroner's jury. This sentence was passed on the 26th of May, and before the middle of July Hunt was a free man—free to look for a successor to the late Mrs. Hunt, with whom, the chief justice said, he might have lived happily had he not had the misfortune to kill her. If Hunt had stolen a small object more "precious in the eye of the law," namely a sixpence, he would probably have had to suffer loss of liberty for a longer period. In June, at the Surrey sessions, Michael Murphy was tried for taking a purse containing nine shillings quietly out of the pocket of a woman who was looking into a shop window. He had been previously convicted, and the sentence was ten years' penal servitude. It is but fair to Hunt to say that the one with whom he might have lived happily was the first wife he had killed. On the 11th of the same month, William Dean, described as "a brutal husband," was tried at the Guildhall for brutally assaulting and kicking his wife. He was a violent man, and ill-used her, drunk or sober. He struck her several times in the face, knocked her down, and while she was on the ground kicked her savagely in the face. It was not his first offence, and he got three months. On the 11th of July a man of the name of William Harcourt was charged, at Westminster, with assaulting a woman who was most justly described as "an unfortunate." The prisoner, without the slightest provocation, beat her most unmercifully about the head and face. The magistrate said the prosecutrix was as much entitled to the protection of the law as any one else, and gave the prisoner one month. At the Middlesex sessions in December a man was convicted of stealing two shillings worth of coals, and was sentenced to eight months' hard labor. At the same sessions another man was indicted for wounding his wife. The police found the woman bleeding from the leg and hand, and the prisoner with an open razor, wet with blood. He said "he wished he had cut her head off." A previous conviction was proved, and he had frequently been charged with similar offences, but was acquitted because his wife would not appear against him. He was sentenced to twelve months. The next case was of watch-stealing, the watch being valued at thirty-five shillings. One

previous conviction was proved, and the sentence was five years' penal servitude, and three years' police supervision. At the Middlesex sessions again on December 9th, a man who is described as "a dangerous character, was found guilty of having his hands in another person's pockets. He ran away, having taken a knife and some keys without violence, and the sentence was five years. The following contrast is worthy of special attention. At Lambeth police court, according to the report in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 10th, two men were charged with assaulting a married woman and her female servant, as they were passing along the Westminster Road. One seized Mrs. Pritchard, declaring she was his wife. Upon her resenting his behavior, he struck her twice in the face, and then threw her down upon the pavement. The girl was in the mean time being treated improperly by the other ruffian, and upon her resisting and trying to find a constable, he struck her violently in the face with his fists. The magistrate thought that six weeks in the one case, and a forty-shilling fine in the other, fairly met the requirements of the case. The same fine was inflicted at Wandsworth on the same day for driving a tricycle on a foot-path. I could multiply these cases, until your readers would be weary of them, but it is needless, for it is notorious that such cases are of daily occurrence. But I have still one or two that should not be omitted. At the Westminster police court, as reported on the 16th of December, a man named Caxton was charged with being drunk and assaulting a woman, who was a stranger to him, and, as events proved, had reason to regret the introduction. As this woman was leaving the Westminster Bridge Station, the prisoner addressed her offensively, and upon her telling him that she did not desire his company, he first abused and then knocked her down. This being in his opinion an insufficient punishment for declining his society, he kicked her about the left side, while on the ground. Allowing her to get up, he again knocked her down, kicked her, and finally, being satisfied that he had sufficiently avenged the slight offered to him, ran away. He was, however, captured, and being brought before the magistrate was fined four pounds and one pound costs.

People will ask, with a mixture of amazement and indignation, if this was a case for a fine. And they may ask at the same time what would have been the pun-

ishment of this man if instead of treating this woman in the way described he had simply robbed her without violence, or picked her pocket. Can any one, who has paid the smallest attention to the subject, doubt that the sentence would have been imprisonment with hard labor, or perhaps penal servitude for a number of years? And can any one doubt which the woman would have preferred, if she had been offered an alternative,—being robbed, without violence, or being maltreated in this way without being robbed? What woman, or any one else, would not have preferred giving up whatever they might happen to have about them rather than have their features smashed by brutal fists, or permanent injury inflicted by kicks from heavy boots? Let any one ask himself or herself this question, and, I venture to say, there will be but one answer. In whose interest, then, is it that such disparity should exist between sentences affecting property and sentences affecting the person? The administrators of the law seem to look upon attacks upon property, however small, with the utmost horror, and deal with them accordingly. On the other hand they treat crimes of the most malignant and savage character against the person as trivial and venial, to be dealt with in the most lenient way. It has long been a puzzle to the few who take any interest in such matters that such should be the case, but I am glad to see that the public is becoming interested in the question. And it is time, for if ruffianism is to go on practically unchecked by exemplary punishments the streets of London will soon be unsafe for decent people to walk in.

It is time, too, that the wives of these savages should have some effective protection afforded to them. It may be safely assumed, that for every case of wife-beating that comes before the police at least a hundred occur that are never heard of. It may be a thousand, for there is great natural reluctance on the part of poor women to appear in such cases. It is not wonderful that it should be so, for woman is merciful and forgiving. But there is a stronger reason, and that is the fear of consequences when the few days of comfortable imprisonment are over, and the husband and father returns. If the punishment were exemplary and sufficient to deter, this fear would be diminished. I am afraid that no punishment will be really effective, in these cases, that does not inflict bodily suffering, of an acute kind, upon the perpetrator. The

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ruffian who is before the magistrate may be, for all his brutality, the bread-winner of the family, and to lock him up may result in sending them all into the work-house. Although this is a difficulty, it is not greater in the case of violence to the person than in cases of attacks upon property. It will not therefore afford any explanation of the disparity of the sentences, to which I am referring, although it is well worthy of consideration when any change in the law is contemplated. There is a strong feeling in this country, and it is a natural and commendable feeling, against the use of corporal punishment, except in very extreme cases. But is not such wife-beating as we see almost daily in the papers an extreme case? It is bad enough for a man to assault his own wife, but I hold it to be even worse to assault another man's wife, or daughter, in the public streets. And then to plead, as is so often done, that drink was the cause. One disgusting crime is pleaded as a set-off against another, and the plea is allowed. This would be, to a great extent, checked if drunkenness in the street, or any other public place, constituted an offence in itself, without waiting for the too common homicidal development of it. A night in a police cell, or a small fine, might be a sufficient punishment, but persons who are obviously drunk should not be permitted to go at large in public places. Lunatics are not allowed to walk about the streets, and drunken men are temporarily lunatics, and very dangerous lunatics too, as many poor people have found. If the streets were periodically swept by the police, and all persons found drunk were conveyed away to the cells, the effect would be most salutary, and many a loathsome scene would be avoided and many a brutal and bloody crime averted. But when drunkenness is not treated as an offence, but is daily held, in our courts, to be an admissible plea in mitigation of the punishment due for other crimes, committed under its influence, it is no wonder that it is common. An intelligent criminal who has made the literature of the police courts his study, must see that if he has made up his mind to commit a crime it may mitigate his offence if he can plead that he was drunk. He will find no instance, in all the records he may search, in which drunkenness has increased the punishment. Let every drunken man or woman, no matter what their position may be, who are found walking, or staggering, or lying in a public place, be locked

up, without appeal, until their senses have returned, and the number of such people will sensibly diminish. Those who commit outrages from the exuberance of their own brutality must be taught by the experience of bodily pain that which they are certainly not taught at present, and that is to dread the consequences to themselves.

I have reserved one case because it is recent and very important, owing to the serious nature of the crime. In this case the victim was more or less under the influence of drink, and the criminals were sober. A widow, named Anne Jacques, was in the neighborhood of Tooting on the night of the 7th of August. She was knocked down, outraged, and maltreated to such an extent that she died on the 14th of October from peritonitis, resulting from the injuries she received. Five men were put upon their trial for the wilful murder of this woman, at the Central Criminal Court on November 23rd. The prisoners were acquitted on the charge of murder. They were then put upon their trial for an indecent assault, and three were found guilty. Sentence was postponed, but ultimately one got sixteen months' and two others six months' hard labor. Mr. Justice Hawkins "commented on the atrocious aspect in which the case presented itself against one of the men, and also upon the unmanly and unfeeling way in which he had behaved." He finally expressed a hope that the sentences would "serve as a warning to the prisoners for the rest of their lives." I quote from the *Times* report, which states that the circumstances were "unfit for publication." It is difficult to comment freely upon a crime, the circumstances of which are unfit for publication, and which the *Times* report further states were of "a very horrible and revolting nature." The learned judge called the crime "atrocious," and regretted that he had not the power to send the worst of the ruffians into penal servitude. Surely then he gave the maximum sentence that the law allowed. On the contrary, he took into consideration the circumstance that the prisoners had been put to some inconvenience in having to wait from August to November before being tried! If the learned judge could not punish as severely as he desired, he need not have gone out of his way to give credit for the detention during the three months preceding the trial. Surely if the crime merited penal servitude, which owing to the nature of the charge could not be

given, the highest punishment the law allowed, under the circumstances, should have been imposed. One may reasonably ask how it happened that the second charge against the prisoners was not for rape, instead of indecent assault. This last may be of the most trivial nature, but in this case it ended in the death of the victim.

Once more, let me ask, what would have been the sentence upon these men if, instead of outraging this wretched woman in such a manner as to cause her death, they had only knocked her down and robbed her? And if, in robbing, they had killed their victim, is it not certain that if the crime did not amount to murder, it would have entitled the prisoners to a sentence just short of the capital one? And they would have got it. The

sacred rights of property were not infringed, and so sixteen months' imprisonment sufficed. Ten years would have been the least if a purse had been concerned, but a poor woman's property in her own life and honor are apparently not vested interests. This case has attracted some attention, but it is now nearly forgotten. It will be the fault of the public and of Parliament if scandals such as I have quoted are allowed to continue, and if a revision of the criminal law, and a proper, reasonable classification of crime is not insisted upon. Lawyers describe the things that ordinary people consider discreditable, if not actually disgraceful to the country, as "anomalies of the law." The sooner law and common sense and common justice are made to coincide the better.

DONALD H. MACFARLANE.

AGRICULTURE IN THE CRIMEA TO-DAY.—Rich as the land is, the crops by the roadside are few and paltry, the chief being rye, maize, millet, and sunflowers. The sunflowers are cultivated for their seed, which is either used for making oil, or more is generally sold in a dry state as *zernitchkies*. *Zernitchkies* furnish the Malo-Russ (folk of Little Russia); male and female, with one of their most favorite means of wasting time. Go where you will, at any time, in Kertch, you will find people cracking these sunflower-seeds, and trying to make two bites at the kernel. At every street corner you find a stall where they are sold, and you rarely come in without finding one of the little gray shards clinging to your dress, spit upon you by some careless passer-by or sent adrift from some balcony overhead. Besides these crops, you come across long strips of watermelons, the principal food of the Malo-Russ in the summer, and one of the chief sources of the Asiatic cholera sometimes so prevalent here. But for the most part the land is untilled—left to its wild flowers and weeds. The peasant of the Crimea makes but a sorry agriculturist. The Malo-Russ is lazy—good-natured ne'er-do-weel—his days being more than half *prasniks*, (saint's days), he devotes their holy half to getting drunk on *vodka*, the other half to recovering from the effects of the day before. One day you may see him in long boots and a red shirt, with his arms round another big-bearded *mujik's* neck in the drinking-den, or husband and wife, on the broad of their backs, dead drunk in the highway. The day after you'll find him in a moralizing mood, seated on his doorstep, smoking the eternal *papiros*, or nibbling sunflower-seeds. Russians have told me that there are more holy days than calendar days in the year. To be holy a day need not be a saint's day—a

birthday in the emperor's family is quite enough to make a *prasnik*. Of the actual church *fêtes* there are one hundred and twenty-eight. The best agriculturists here are the German colonists, whose neat homesteads remind one for the moment of lands nearer home. Even the Tartars are better than the Malo-Russ, but they have lately been leaving the Crimea in large numbers to escape the compulsory military service which Russia seeks to impose upon them. Everywhere the army seems to be the worst enemy of the State.

Temple Bar.

CARNE SECA.—This *carne seca*—dried or jerked beef—is exported to the amount of thousands of tons yearly from Montevideo, Rosario, and other parts of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. In some of the *saladeros* or factories over a thousand head of cattle are killed daily in the season, one man being usually the executioner of the lot, and killing them by puncturing the spinal cord at the back of the head. The animals are cut up and the flesh piled in great heaps with layers of salt by semi-naked savages, half Basque, half Indian, who have a peculiar knack of causing the flesh to detach itself in flakes from the bone by giving it a slap with their broad cutlass-like knives. Wonderful quickness and dexterity are exhibited in every department of the process, but the whole forms one of the most disgusting spectacles imaginable. Mixed with black beans and *farina*, or cassava-meal, jerked beef becomes the staple food of the lower orders throughout the coasts of South and Central America.

Chambers' Journal.